

SPACE CITY! 25¢

VOLUME 111 / NUMBER 10

HOUSTON, TEXAS

August 10-16, 1971

SPACE CITY SPECIAL REGULAR ISSUE

32 PAGES...

HOUSTON
* TEXAS *

100% COSMIC TRUTH...

10,000 GATHER PEACEFULLY
IN VICTORIA TEXAS TO
SALUTE THE ARMADILLO

NARVIKUS
VS.
HIPPIE

LOCAL YOUTH BEATEN BY
SECRET POLICE LIVES
TO TELL THE STORY...

MACABRE EXPERIMENTS
IN FRISCO:

LIVE
DEAD
NUDE
BODIES
ON ICE...

SCOOP

ROTARY CLUBS
CONNECTION WITH
... HEROIN ...

WE GOT THE
SMILES
ON OURSIDE

PLUS: PART TWO OF WHAT'S
SHAKIN' IN COMMUNIST CUBA AS SEEN
BY OUR ROVING SPACE CITY REPORTER:
COMMRADE COYOTE.....

REPORTON
VANDALISM:
BUSTER KERN
TEARS OUT SIX
MILES OF TELEPHONE
LINE IN HOUSTON

88 TONS
OF MARIJUANA
SEIZED AT THE
BORDER IN 1970

ROCK N ROLL
• NEWS •

KERRY FITZGERALD

LETTERS

1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004

Mailer

Miffed

Dear Young People,

Twenty five years ago I placed 13 pounds of my unpublished manuscripts in a basement vault of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Only two people had a key, and Daniel Ellsberg was not one of them.

Imagine, if you will, when I saw what I consider my finest piece of writing splashed over the pages of your aspiring literary magazine. You may expect to hear from my attorneys shortly.

Keep a tight asshole,
N. Mailer

He Was Impressed

Space City!

I have just finished reading my first issue of your newspaper and confess to being very impressed.

My home has been Houston for many years, although I have lived intermittently in various other large cities, and am familiar with publications of similar nature. It is hard to make general comparisons since each paper naturally caters to the needs of the area

of its origin.

So I must say I am pleased by the level of Space City!, which I have just recently come upon, as I feel that its purpose is fine indeed. Not being a native Texan and/or Houstonian, but having chosen it as home for its many potentialities, I find your paper to be a font of information with its open view of events and reported undercurrents.

This being the case, I am hoping that I am eligible, under your "free for prisoners" subscription policy, since I am serving time here on stimulant drug conviction.

I was introduced to an agent by a very old and dear and trusted friend, in Los Angeles. You dig? I'm sure I need say no more.

Thank you in advance for your consideration of my request, and I wish you continued success in your enterprise. You need it in Texas.

Peace,

Seymour Ashinsky 14980-148
P.O. Box 1000
Leavenworth, Kan. 66048

Food Stamp Info

Dear Collective:

All could-be eligibles for food stamps should read below, grab up the necessary documents, and head

LETTERS

for the Food Stamp office at 1103 Elder. If you are living alone, with your family, or with friends; if you're self-supporting but have little or no income, bring the following for each member of the household:

social security card,

something with current address on it (driver's lic., a bill, a piece of mail -- anything that would verify your place of residence),

wage stubs or record of earning if employed,

TEC card if unemployed.

Bring for the house as a whole: rent receipts, utility receipts, medical receipts, birth certificates for any children.

If you are living on savings, that's fine. Up to \$3,000, you are still eligible. The more people in the house, the greater the amount of income allowable and the more food coupons issued.

It's a good deal, well worth the discomfort and hassle of getting certified. We don't pry into anything except financial state; we welcome your applications.

Sincerely,

Shay, Welfare Tech II
Harris Co. Food Stamp Office

A Friend in Need

Space City!

As I am forced from the world and the people that I love by the United

States government, and seeing as my own people are straight and have turned from me, I have nothing left but my friends, known and unknown, on the streets. And I turn to them now. For news of our world, for the courage to face these next six years, for comradeship.

I ask those of you who have a few minutes and a stamp for this, be you black, white, yellow, regardless of your religious or political preferences. I ask for your friendship, a most valuable commodity, which, if given and received openly and honestly, could make all men brothers, all women sisters.

I also ask those of you that have books and pamphlets that you are no longer using, to donate them, so I, and others, may learn, or escape our bondage for a moment through the word. It doesn't matter what the subject -- be it Karl Marx or Hemingway. If you have books to donate, please write me and include the titles and authors, so I can send the necessary shipping documents required by the institution.

Brothers and sisters, although those of us that are incarcerated here cannot be with you -- our hearts and dreams of a true free state are constantly with you. Peace be with you all.

All Power to the People,
Noel B. Delmore 36470-115
P.O. Box 1500
El Reno Federal Reformatory
El Reno, Okla. 73036

More Letters
Next Issue!

HEY KIDS!

Have Fun. Make Money and Go Places....

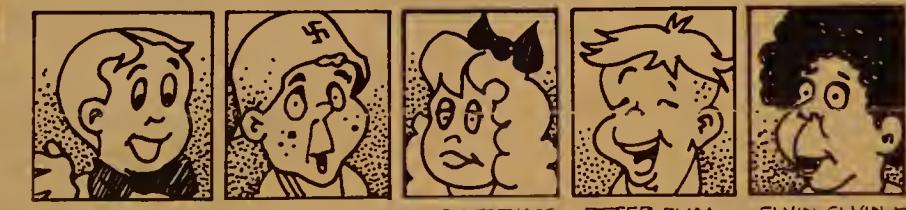
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MOM SAYS
IT'S GREAT
TO SEE ME
WORKING



JOIN NOW! - THE TIME IS RIGHT!

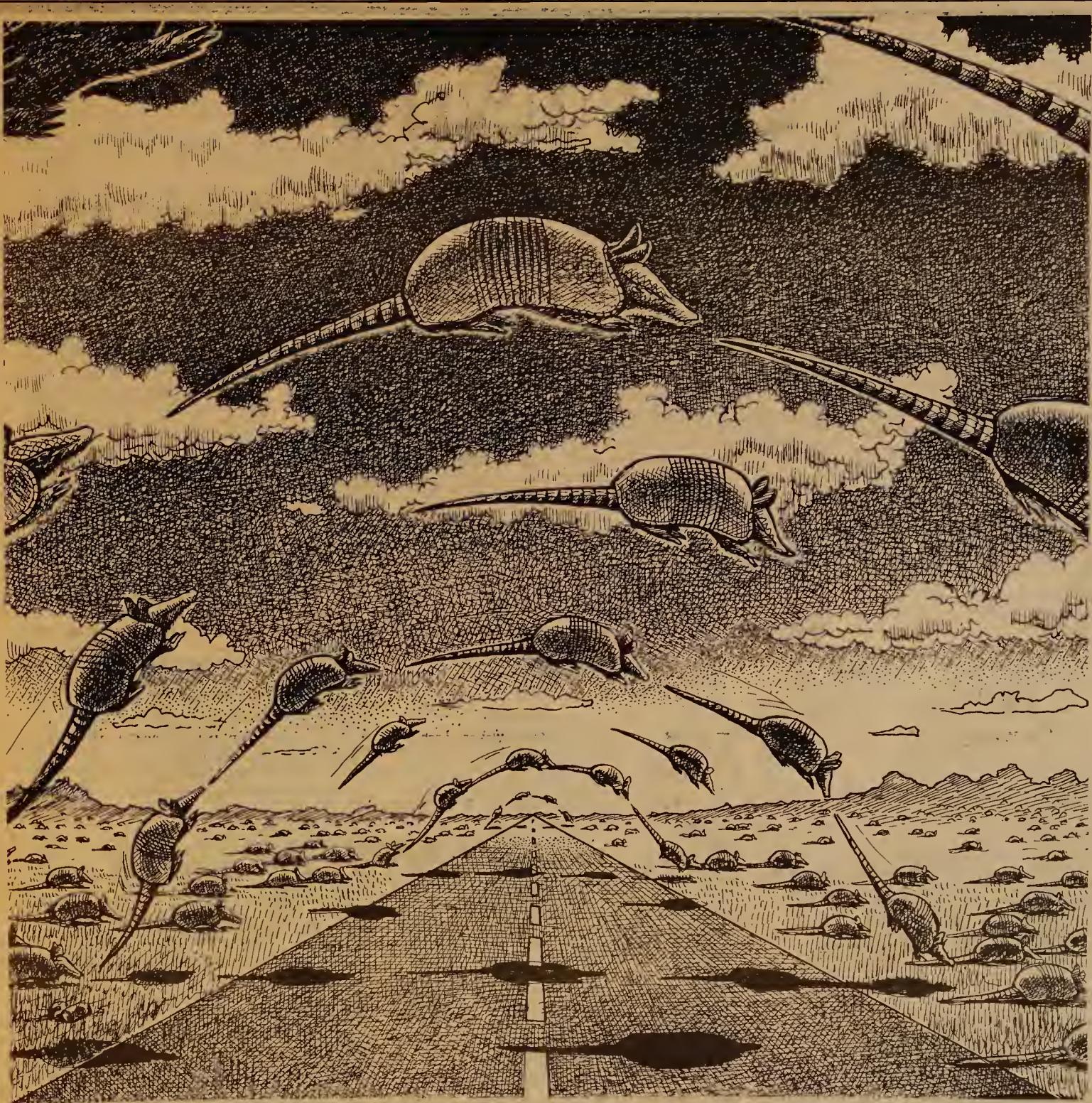
SPACE CITY!
1217 Wichita

SURF HOUSE
1729 W. 34th

BUDGET TAPES
5330 W. Bellfort
in Westbury

BUDGET TAPES
1312 College
in South Houston

SAM HOUSTON BOOKS
in Galleria



Jim Franklin, *Pacifica folio*

A Day At The Races...

by Mitch Green

When the great American road show decided to head west on tour back in 1776, props were as vital as they are to any decent yippie gathering today. Betsy Ross used the necessary feminine wiles to convince George Washington that her flag was nicer than anyone else's. Benjamin Franklin, always one for an interesting experiment, was undecided between the turkey and the eagle as national symbols, but based on a previously satisfactory zoophilous relationship, chose the latter.

With the stage set the road show rolled west, and as any carnival will, picked up strays, runaways and youngsters along the road, not the least of which was Texas.

It seems that back in 1845 was the time for the armadillo to replace the eagle. Either no one had ever made love to an armadillo or else there was a gross case of vested political interests back east -- but it didn't happen.

Somewhere on the road to Vietnam the show went haywire and began to fold. But, last week in an almost dizzying flash of Americana to come, the show rolled into Victoria, Texas, where it all came back together for the first Armadillo confab and exposition.

Fred Armstrong, the town's Mayflower moving agent ("We move people into and out of Victoria," says Fred), was sitting home over oysters wrapped in bacon, drinking beer which Fred says, "loosens the tongue," and conceived the idea. Proceeding in the finest yippie fashion, Fred lined up the support of some 30 groups and made his move on the Chamber of Commerce in what was the most professional cartel Victoria has ever seen.

The town square in Victoria is everything that makes a small town a small town instead of a truckstop. The gazebo was built at the end of last century, moved around a few times and now rests in the center of the park and in direct line of sight of the monument to the Confederate States of America.

Fred had all the groups line their booths around the perimeter of the park. The NAACP, selling fried chicken, was next to the Democratic Womens' Club, selling homemade chili and sno cones. The republican women sat around selling

25 cent beer. "We wanted to make some money," they said, "Who wants to buy chili after dark on Saturday night, anyway?"

Across the way and in front of the Court House which houses pictures of 4H Club members, county fair winners, cooking queens, cow breeding kings as far back as 1950, were the Soroptimists. The Soroptimists (according to the Soroptimists) are an exclusive, membership-by-invitation-only service club who draw their name from the Greek word meaning the finest of women (and the oldest too).

Ben Franklin and George and the rest of the fathers had an idea when they put the show on the road and it came closer to being real in Victoria last weekend than in a long while. A Chicano trio strolled through the park until they were drowned out by the rock band on the gazebo singing about tin soldiers and Nixon's folly. The All-American dinner menu was hot dogs, beer and corn on the cob with the solid strains of a C&W band afterwards.

For excitement along the way there was the armadillo throw. An eight pound football played the part of an armadillo. The contest, open only to women, was won by the favorite who had been in training for three months on a diet of greens, molasses and grits.

Clearly armadillos were not meant to race. They are gentle creatures whose only real fault is their inexplicable faith in humans. From the word go the armadillos couldn't care less and the real race was between the humans in their rush to find new and perverse ways to scare, stimulate, shove, shout, sooth and psyche the armadillo into heading toward the finish line. The armadillos took it all with the kind of amusing indifference that once again offered a valuable learning experience for their human pets.

Pancho Villa, a red, white and green armadillo, won the beauty contest. His owner said afterwards he would let him go. But we think he should hold onto Pancho awhile longer. Pesticides and bounty hunters have left us only dead eagles and it is only a matter of time before we will need a new national symbol to represent all that America stands for. That may be a humiliating role for an armadillo as beautiful as Pancho Villa, but not if America is like Victoria was last weekend.

Houston Youth Claims Beating

by E.F. Shawver, Jr.

An 18 year-old Houston man has accused Houston narcotics officers of beating him after he refused to become a police informer.

Robert O'Bryan told Space City! that he was walking home from a doctor's appointment on Monday, July 19, around 5 p.m. At that time he was living on Welch, near Montrose. He was stopped on Montrose by two uniformed policemen who arrested and searched him although not necessarily in that order. He was then taken downtown and charged with possession of marijuana.

According to O'Bryan, he was taken to the narcotics division where he was offered probation if he would agree to act as a police informer. He turned down the offer and was put in the city jail for the night. On the following morning he was in a line of ab-

out 15 prisoners being loaded into a police van to be taken to the county jail when, he said, the same narcotics officer who had talked to him the day before took him out of line and back to the same office.

He said that the offer was repeated in the presence of a second officer and that he refused it for the second time. At this point one of the officers kicked him. He passed out briefly during the beating but came to shortly. He was told not to mention the beating to anyone but to make it look good at the county jail. He says further that two plainclothesmen took him out in an unmarked car.

He was sore and still quite groggy but made an effort not to give things away. Later in the afternoon he passed out briefly. He was suffering pain in his chest and abdomen, and began vomiting. He was able to get some sleep

Tuesday night but was unable to keep down any food. He made sick call Tuesday evening but was not given anything to relieve his discomfort.

O'Bryan said that he made sick call again Wednesday morning and was given two Liburins and again Wednesday night when he was given milk of magnesia. Wednesday night he was unable to sleep. He made sick call morning and evening Thursday but was ignored both times. Thursday was another sleepless night. During this time he was unable to eat anything but did drink a lot of water. Friday, he said, he did not bother to make sick call. During the day he did manage to keep some food down.

O'Bryan's roommates got him out Friday afternoon on bond. He was brought to the Family Connection (from which he had moved a week or so before his arrest) where his friends

decided that he needed medical attention. He was admitted to Ben Taub late Friday night, July 23, and was operated on for a ruptured spleen the following morning.

One of O'Bryan's friends at the Family Connection, Lee Faucette, 14, took an interest in the matter and went down to City Hall the following Monday to bring it to the attention of the authorities.

According to Faucette, City Hall Information directed him to 61 Riesner St. He went there and talked to a number of people beginning with an officer in narcotics who said he could not give out any information. He said that he then went to several offices without success. Finally he went to Herman Short's office where, he said, Short's secretary referred him to a captain who quickly ordered him out.

Faucette said that he then returned



Aftermath of a bust in the Montrose Area, instigated by officers B.D. Jackson and B.W. ("Tiger") Albert.

"Kounty Klean" --Kern

The 26th amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which lowered the voting age to 18 in all elections, became effective in Texas July 2. Texas was among those states which had ratified it.

Some 600,000 Texans are newly enfranchised. Carl Smith, county tax assessor-collector, said last week that his office had registered 30,750 persons between 18 and 21, plus another 7,544 17-year-olds who will become 18 during 1971.

For those of you among the newly enfranchised and others who are into electoral politics two candidates for office threw their hats into the ring last week. J. Fred Hoffeinz, son of the Astrodome king and former mayor Roy Hoffeinz, announced his candidacy for mayor. C.V. (Buster) Kern announced that he is running for Harris County Sheriff.

"I've been in law enforcement 44 years at the end of this term," Kern said. "I love this work. I've put my adult life in it."

run again because of illness.

Kern told a gathering of friends, judges, county officials and newsmen last week that the issues in the race are his experience and his record.

He retold how "wide-open" Houston was when he first became sheriff in 1949 and how he had torn out six miles of telephone wires strung around town by bookies.

"You have the cleanest city and the cleanest county this size in the country," he said. "We have what is rated as one of the best schools for officers in the state," said Kern.

"We have a good organization here and I don't want it torn up," he said.

Kern will be opposed by Jack Heard, a former Houston police chief and later assistant director of the Texas Department of Corrections in Huntsville, who resigned last month to run in the May, 1972, primary.

Kern's department is presently being investigated. An investigation is being made of the warrant division of

The law states that the money collected from the bonding companies be turned over to the county treasurer.

The Houston Post reported last week that the money paid by the bondsmen was not being turned over to the county treasury but being kept by members of the warrant division.

Bonding companies are required to pay the expense of rearresting bond jumpers to the Sheriff's department, by the Texas Code of Criminals Procedures.

In Harris County, the sheriff's department is not allowed to keep any fees. It must pay them into the county treasury.

Kern admitted the money should be paid to the county, but added that his men were going out on their own time and not "when they are supposed to be working."

Several deputies told the Post that they are assigned to go and pick up bondjumpers when they are supposed to be working in the bonding office.

When asked if someone in the sher-

ing a penny."

Records are kept concerning when each employee of the county is working and this record is signed by the department heads.

"If deputies are going out to pick up bond jumpers when the records show they are supposed to be working, I think the grand jury should look into it," said County Auditor Grady Fullerton.

According to Texas laws, the sheriff's department charges bonding companies 15 cents a mile to go after bond jumpers, but the head of the warrant division, Capt. W.F. Isbell Sr., says no records of the money is made.

Several deputies who have made trips to return bond jumpers to Harris County claim they only get 10 cents a mile and in many cases it cost them money personally to make the trips.

Isbell said that he had never heard of the law requiring the sheriff's department to turn over the money to the county treasury. He said that the bonding company pays him and he pays the deputies.

to City Hall where he got to speak with Lee Tucker, an administrative assistant in the Mayor's office. Tucker asked him a number of questions and called Ben Taub to check on O'Bryan's condition. Fauchette said Thursday, July 29, that Tucker had told him that morning that an investigation was in progress.

Tucker said last Friday that according to information he had O'Bryan was arrested at 5:05 p.m., July 19, on Montrose by two uniformed police officers, R.L. Webb and J.H. Binford. He was arrested for hitchhiking but charged only with possession of marijuana. (In an interview broadcast over KPFT, O'Bryan denied that he had been hitchhiking.)

Tucker said further that according to deputy sheriff Bill Keefe, the records at the county jail showed that he was booked in there at 7:25 a.m., July 20, as part of the regular city to county transfer of prisoners. This, of

course, tends to counter O'Bryan's claim that he was taken out separately after the beating.

Tucker saw O'Bryan at Ben Taub the afternoon of July 27. An attorney was present at that meeting. According to Tucker, a deputy sheriff, one Capt. Bond, came in during this interview. Tucker speculates that the sheriff's department is concerned because O'Bryan had been held in the county jail.

Tucker also said that when O'Bryan made sick call Tuesday evening, July 20, he told the person on duty that he had been beaten before his arrest, but that he did this on the advice of another prisoner who warned him not to implicate narcotics officers.

As a "point to ponder" Tucker said that the proper procedure for taking prisoners out of line during a city to county transfer involves taking them back up to the fifth floor jail and re-

booking them.

Earlier Tucker had told a Pacifica reporter that he would bring the matter to the attention of the Mayor and of the Chief of Police.

Two recent arrests in the Montrose area deserve some attention as well. The first happened back in March when narcotics officers B.D. Jackson and B.W. ("Tiger") Albert and about five others entered a house precipitately with drawn guns. The bustee says that the men trashed the house, stole \$100 from his wallet, and that Jackson slapped him around a little with his (the bustee's) flashlight. They found no dope and no charges were filed.

The second incident occurred within the last two weeks, that is, after O'Bryan's arrest, and also involved officer B.D. Jackson. The person involved said that he had gone to visit a friend

and that he arrived after the bust had begun. His friend opened the door just a crack and advised him to split. Before he could get very far, Jackson ordered him inside at gunpoint. He said that Jackson told him to drop his pants which he did. He said further that Jackson then kicked him on the buttocks and said, "Pull up your pants, stupid."

It has been said by someone fairly familiar with Jackson's face that O'Bryan's description of an officer he alleges to have been one of the ones who kicked him, closely matches that of Jackson.

The FBI has been notified and there are indications that an investigation is underway. O'Bryan said July 29 that agents had been to see him that morning and had taken pictures of his scar. The same or another agent talked to O'Bryan Tuesday, Aug. 3, and possibly on Aug. 4.

MAEC Calls School Boycott

by Karen Northcott

Texas' sleeping giant has awakened. The quiet, passive Mexican-American heretofore known for his political indifference, ignorance and timidity, is no longer. Chicanismo has entered the scene. The Chicano of today is not politically indifferent, not ignorant and certainly not timid.

Within the last few years numerous organizations have been formed throughout the state and the nation which are an affirmation of the Chicano heritage and identity.

Among the new active Chicano organizations is the Mexican-American Education Council (MAEC) which has called for a boycott of public elementary, junior high and senior high schools when classes resume Aug. 26.

The general assembly of the MAEC which last fall initiated a boycott that kept 3,300 Chicano students out of elementary schools for three weeks and hundreds out for the entire year, has voted to ask for another boycott this year at all grade levels.

The boycott is to protest the Houston Independent School District plans to comply with a court-ordered desegregation plan which called for the pairing of 22 predominantly Chicano and Black schools to satisfy federal integration requirements.

Council Chairman Romualdo M. Castillo said last week that the boycott could be halted if the district includes Anglo-non-Mexican-American whites -- students with Mexican-Americans and blacks in a tri-ethnic pairing plan.

Castillo said that Chicanos feel their children are getting inferior educations and feel they are being used when they are classified as whites in the pairing plan.

The League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) will decide in a statewide meeting in Austin on Aug. 28 whether to support MAEC in the boycott, Tony Bonilla, LULAC state president, said here last week.

Bonilla said that although LULAC is for recognition of Mexican-Americans as whites, he believes they should be considered a minority for education purposes.

George Carver, general school superintendent, says there is no chance whites will be added to the pairing formula, although he acknowledges that the school board has the power under the court-ordered plan to include them if it so wishes.

"All school board members have opposed all pairing and have fought it all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to no avail," Garver said. "They can't very well enlarge the pairing (at the 22 schools to include whites) and be consistent with their opposition to pairing."

One of the goals of the council is to have Chicanos classified and treated as a separate and identifiable ethnic minority in the schools.

"The first of the matter is, in this city and state, Mexican-Americans are white," Garver said.

U.S. District Judge Ben C. Connally on May 25 refused Mexican-American intervention in the Houston school integration suit. Connally said that Chicanos had been content to be identified as white until "the shoe began to pinch" -- that is, until they were paired with blacks.

However, in Corpus Christi Chicanos are recognized as an "identifiable ethnic minority with a past pattern of discrimination." Federal District Judge Woodrow Seals ruled on June 4, 1970 that Chicanos "must be given equal protection with blacks."

His school integration order set up busing in Corpus Christi and has been appealed to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals.

"Judge Connally has been against the Mexican-American in every way possible," Castillo said last week.

Chicano leaders said at the time that Mexican-Americans are classified as an identifiable ethnic group by such federal agencies as the Census Bureau, the Justice Department, the Office of Education in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, among others.

The MAEC has appealed Connally's ruling.

About 15 per cent of the HISD's 240,000 students are Chicanos and 35 per cent are black Garver said.

Abel Alvarez, another MAEC spokesman, said the boycott could continue all year if whites aren't added to the pairing plan.

Alvarez added that the boycott could prove to be costly. He said that MAEC represents, at the least, an estimated 12,000 students. Last year a boycott did not cost the HISD any state money because it was allowed to use the 1969-1970 school attendance figure of 204,000.

But during the 1970-1971 school year the average daily attendance figure dropped to 198,000.

The 1971-1972 school budget of \$183,000 is based on an estimated 207,000 daily attendance figure.

If the attendance drops below the 207,000 daily attendance figure, the school district will lose a high percentage of state funds that is paid to the district.

The boycott vote came out of a council meeting. Representatives of 10 of the 15 barrios comprising the council attended, Castillo said, with seven barrios favoring the action and three abstaining. MAEC representatives represent most age groups. The only age group not represented is elementary age students.

Anti-black-brown pairing is running high in the Chicano community, Castillo said.

"We've met with the school board, with Garver, with the biracial committee (appointed by Judge Connally to report on the progress of integration here)," Castillo said. "People have taken more than they can take ..."

MAEC was formed in September, 1970, when the U.S. Fifth Court of Circuit Appeals in New Orleans ordered the pairing of mostly black and mostly Mexican-American Schools. The council called for a boycott and set up huelga (strike) schools in Chicano communities.

The MAEC's desire is quality education for Chicanos. The council feels that Mexican-American education has been neglected in Texas and that because of problems peculiar to them, such as the language barrier, they need special programs.

In addition to the tri-ethnic desegregation plan and the recognition of Chicanos as a separate ethnic group, the council seeks instruction in Mexican studies in the school curriculum and more Chicano teachers and administrators.

The council's most effective boycott began in September of last year when 3,300 - 4,000 attended seven huelga schools. Approximately 400 attended the huelga schools for the entire year, George McDonald, principal of all the centralized schools said.

All students who attended the huelga schools last year were accepted back by school in advanced grades and had the full backing of the school board on their return, McDonald said.

McDonald said that the council is not sure how long the boycott will go on. "If we keep out 20,000 students this will effectively pressure Garver and the rest of the school board to agree that the zoning is wrong and to act and therefore we wouldn't have to continue the boycott for the entire year."

"We are certainly opposed to busing and zoning as it stands now because it leads to repression," McDonald said.

The council feels that the boycott may be joined by blacks who are also opposed to the pairing. "There is a good possibility that every group concerned about education will be involved with the boycott. Only through cooperation can our goal, quality education, be achieved," McDonald said.

Last year the schools were operated with the help of a few volunteer teachers who were paid a small stipend. The success of last year's huelga schools was such that the council has been inundated with qualified teachers. No stipends will be paid this year.

But success cannot be measured by numbers.

"If our victory was to be weighed it would have to be that of the spirit," McDonald said. Chicanismo was developed and nurtured and will be very strong this year.

Garver isn't worried about a massive boycott, he said. "At the height of the boycott last year, there were only 2,000 - 3,000 students out. Percentage-wise, the boycott was just a fraction. If the total Mexican-American population stayed out, that would only be about 36,000 students."

He said that the school district has no special plans for dealing with the boycott. "We plan to offer quality education to every child who presents himself," he said.

Art Student Evicted

A Houston commercial art student may be evicted from her home soon if the lawyers at Tenants Organized for Action are unable to reverse a recent court decision upholding her eviction.

Mrs. Agnes Kujawa, mother of two children, has lived at her rented home at 6712 Alderson since March 29, and said she has not yet received any notice of eviction other than threats from the owners of the house. She said the landlord has turned off her lights and allowed poison ivy to grow unchecked in her yard in his attempt to remove her.

Although Mrs. Kujawa was never served a notice of eviction, her landlord won a court decision July 29 that would have forced her to vacate the home by Aug. 6. Marvin Feingold, a legal representative for Tenants Organized for Action, won an appeal for the case and another hearing is pending.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kujawa is without a job. She can paint and illustrate signs. She also sews and does office cleaning work. She has asked that if anyone knows of work along these lines he contact Space City! at 526-6257.

-- Wallace Author

Daily Texan

In Court

A state district court refused last week a request by Texas Student Publications Inc., publisher of The Daily Texan, for a temporary injunction to require the University of Texas Board of Regents to collect blanket tax funds for TSP.

The regents voted to eliminate the \$4.10 normally budgeted for TSP from each blanket tax sold during fall registration. This decision deprives the Texan of approximately \$126,000 a year, well over one-fourth of its opera-



Stauffer Fined

by E.F. Shawver Jr.

Stauffer Chemical Company, 8615 Manchester, has been fined \$500 for contempt of a July 15 court order requiring the company to comply with an earlier order by the Texas Air Control Board.

The fine was levied July 30 by District Judge William N. Blanton, Jr. on the admission by Stauffer plant manager E.G. Lang that an emission had occurred July 28 as the result of an error on the part of a plant employee. The contempt motion against the ship channel chemical firm was filed July 30 by the City of Houston.

The city's motion alleges emissions on July 26, 28 and 29, but Blanton did not hear all of the testimony which was to have been offered because it was anecdotal in nature and did not include chemical analyses of air samples. Lang's admission that some sulfur compounds had been accidentally released was sufficient, however, for him to impose the fine, the maximum fine for contempt.

The city had intended to file its suit on Thursday, July 29, but held off until the following day in order to be able to include evidence of pollution which it says occurred early Thursday afternoon. This latest incident is said to have happened when a team of health department investigators -- who were at the plant seeking evidence of earlier emissions -- had to leave the area to keep from being overcome by the bad air.

The TACB order, issued July 12, was for the plant to "discontinue immediately all emissions of air contaminants," even if this required shutting down the plant. Judge Blanton upheld the order with Stauffer's agreement after a company representative, Harold Mickley, admitted on July 15 that the plant had been at fault in two earlier gassings.

The order was modified by the board on July 27 because the plant seemed at that time to be in compliance. The modification consisted in halting the increasing fine against Stauffer. The fine had been mounting at a rate of \$1,000 for each day the plant was out of compliance. The state will still seek to collect for violations between July 12 and 27.

San Jac Prof Axed

by Jerry Campbell

A mathematics instructor at San Jacinto Junior College, whose teaching contract was not renewed for the upcoming academic year, has charged that he was dismissed for political reasons.

The San Jacinto board of regents claim that the instructor, Harold Blevins, was removed from the faculty because his teaching methods were too demanding and produced an excessive failure and withdrawal rate among his students.

The regents began hearing Blevins' case Monday, Aug. 3.

Blevins says that not only his political beliefs caused the action but his charter membership in the national Faculty Association, an organization affiliated with the National Educational Association. (Some of the National Faculty Association members might be considered by some of the political powers at San Jacinto as a corps of dissident radicals.)

Lesel Handers, an ex-San Jacinto College instructor and NFA member, was also removed from his teaching position last spring. Handers' removal was due to a violation of the campus dress code which prohibits faculty and students from wearing long hair or beards. Handers, who sported a beard, and other NFA charter members at San Jacinto College, have been cunningly ushered from their faculty positions since 1969. (Blevins also wore a beard until Handers was removed from the staff in spring of 1971.)

Blevins' attorney called the dismissal politically instigated and presented statistics showing that other math teachers who had taught the same course had higher failure and withdrawal rates than Blevins.

O.W. Marcum, the academic dean of San Jacinto College, ordered a five man committee to review Blevins' teaching methods. The panel, which consisted of math instructors who have taught the same course, assessed his technique as acceptable and fair. In return, the committee then issued a report to Marcum supporting Blevins and criticizing Marcum for such an unnecessary investigation.

The hearing will be continued Aug. 16 at 8 p.m. in the G.C. McCullom Administration building on the San Jacinto College campus.

ting budget.

District Judge Perry D. Picket turned down a request of Texas Student Publications, Inc., to enjoin the regents from cutting off funds to the student paper.

TSP attorneys contended the withholding of the funds was the regents' way of censoring the paper. The two factions, the regents and the TSP, have been involved in an eight-month feud over control of the student newspaper and renewal of the fifty-year TSP charter, which was to have expired July 6.

The regents had asked the court to declare the TSP corporation nonexistent in view of the charter expiration date. Secretary of State Martin Dies Jr. extended the charter for six months. Picket failed to rule on the charter expiration question last week.

The regents' attorney, Preston Shirley, argued that one public agency (the regents) could not collect money from one group of citizens and turn it over to another.

TSP attorney, Joe Latting, argued that "the sole issue is the reaction of the regents to the newspaper and their desire to stifle it."

TSP officials presented testimony from Bob Davis, a reporter from the Amarillo Globe-Times, who quoted former regents' chairman Frank C. Erwin, Jr., as telling a Dumas audience that the Texan "was a disgraceful operation and totally irresponsible."

Other witnesses said Erwin had told them he would "get the Texan" and "held all the cards" in the running battle.

TSP board chairman Bob Binder declined to comment on the court decision and would not predict what TSP's next step will be until he can talk with the corporation's attorneys.

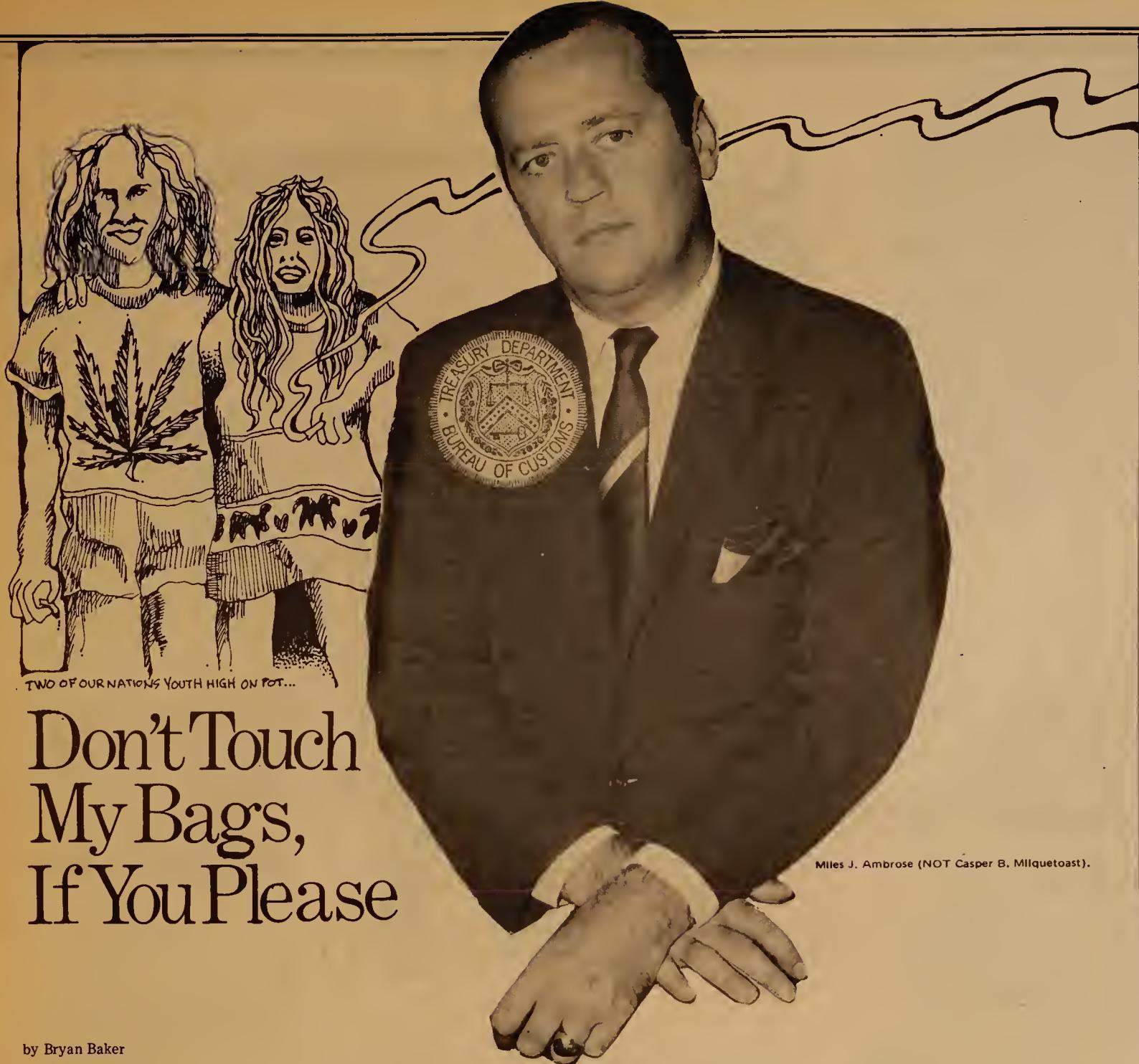
Regents Chairman John Peace of San Antonio told the court the regents "have not, do not and will not censor the Texan."

"The paper itself is the best evidence of that," Peace said.

The regents have filed suit in an attempt to take over the entire assets of TSP on the grounds that the corporation no longer exists.

The suit contends Dies could not legally extend the charter without the approval of the regents, and that the corporation ceased to exist on July 6 when its original charter expired.

The TSP countersuit contends the approval of the regents is not necessary for extension of the charter under the nonprofit corporation act.



Don't Touch My Bags, If You Please

by Bryan Baker

Houston, I'm chagrined to inform you, has the largest (and therefore the ugliest) Rotary Club in the country, nay, in the world. And being the biggest, it naturally pulls the big name acts for its luncheon addresses. Last Thursday, for example, they booked "The Honorable" Miles J. Ambrose, Nixon's honcho in the Customs Bureau.

As a Rotary meeting, it was probably much like any other. (Actually, the M.C. commented at the end of the meeting upon the members' unwanted enthusiasm, which surprised me. On a *bad* day, they must be practically comatose.) A meeting much like any other, only this time, Space City! reader, YOU ARE THERE!

Unfortunately, I got there too late for free lunch (corned beef and cabbage), but I managed a front row center seat for the speechin', and friends, I was amazed. Many things in this world have changed since those golden days when Sinclair Lewis captured Babbitt in print, but Rotary Clubs (aside from a few token Negroes and Mexican-Americans) seem to have remained pretty much the same. Meaning hilarious.

The festivities got off the ground with an embarrassingly secular Invocation, in which God's messenger on earth invoked Divine Guidance for our customs men in the performance of their duties. (Divine Guidance is okay, but I suspect most customs men rely more heavily on the guidance of their marijuana-sniffing dogs.)

The Invocation complete, someone immediately turned on the fan behind the flag and, with Old Glory waving proudly in the artificial breeze, the assembled multitude wheezed through one verse of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" (Sweet Land of Liberty).

Having paid their respects to both God and Country, the Rotarians at the head table commenced introducing each other, the Customs Heavies at the head table, the Customs men in the audience, the visiting Rotarians (one had come all the way from Chile!), the guests of Rotarians and guests of visiting Rotarians, and a host of others. Between introductions, they joked around and kidded each other (you know, friendly-like) and just generally had themselves a good old time.

Following this somewhat lengthy round of ritual introductions, one Rotarian finally introduced the Rotarian who was to introduce Mr. Customs Man himself, Nixon's own Miles J. Ambrose. The guy didn't kid around with his intro either. No sir. He told us straight from the shoulder that Miles J. Ambrose was Miles J. Ambrose and "not some Casper B. Milquetoast." (No fag here.) He assured us that Miles was "a tough hombre who means business" and a man who was "leaning very heavily on enforcement, law and order."

And then, with the audience fully prepared for a man of real stature, Miles J. Ambrose, in the flesh, mounted the lectern.

Well, to be perfectly honest, Miles' flesh wasn't all that bad; he was nowhere near as ugly or as overweight as most of the Rotarians themselves. In fact he even looked rather young (as befits a high official in a dynamic, forward-looking republic such as ours). His flesh looked young, but his mind, his untainted unal-

tered mind, his *mind* seemed ancient.

Opening with the obligatory joke, he quickly moved into a tribute to the "dynamic spirit" of Houston's business community, whose "greatness ... is receiving increasing national and world recognition."

"By almost any standard," he said, "Houston is the number one city in the South and Southwest."

By what standards? Ambrose informed the audience that Houston is first in population, building permits, retail sales, buying income, manufacturing, payroll, new capital expenditures, value of manufactured goods, bank deposits, college enrollment, number of scientists -- all the important things in life. And, apparently ignorant of Ben Taub and Jeff Davis Hospitals, he allowed as how Houston was "a great place to get sick."

All of this went down smooth as shit with the Rotarians, who were ready now to hear the unvarnished Truth about dope and dope smuggling. Ambrose solemnly laid out some statistics on the horrible growth of the "drug abuse plague," a story laced with tales of crime and death. (Most of these tales obviously dealt with smack, but Ambrose makes little distinction between one illegal drug and another).

This plague, he said, "escaped" from the ghettos to infect our young people, the military, the "nation's business and industrial communities"; indeed, it "threatens the very existence of our society" (meaning *his* society).

Ambrose really hit his stride in describing Nixon's Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act as a "turning point" in the battle against dope. He waxed ecstatic over the increased funding and manpower being given to Customs, their new boats, and planes, and helicopters, and especially their "intricate intelligence system using modern electronic computers," which are now in operation along the Mexican border.

It gave Ambrose "great pleasure to discuss with you ... the success we have had in attaining our objectives and in increasing the amount of narcotics and dangerous drugs being intercepted at our borders" since Nixon ascended the throne. Such success is measured by number and size of busts, and in those terms the success really has been great, with seizures of every kind of drug up significantly for Fiscal Year 1971.

It sounded pretty impressive, but Ambrose later admitted that the effectiveness of the seizures was difficult to gauge since they have not yet had any effect on the street price of dope.

After laying out the national statistics, he catalogued the epic busts of Region VI, of which Houston is the headquarters. In the printed text of his speech, he lists 27 such memorable seizures: one (count 'em, one) of them for heroin, the other 26 for marijuana or hashish. Truly a record to be proud of.

Ambrose went on in the same vein (no pun intended) for some little time, but I won't bore you with all the details of how Customs is dealing with the

cont. on page 31

Bringing it all back home...

I can feel the people stirrin'....

by Alice Embree

NASHVILLE, Tenn. — I just got back from a mountain music festival in Pipestem, West Virginia. It was an incredible experience — about 1,200 people in the Appalachian hills singing, clogging (a kind of mountain stomp) and listening to the music of guitars, fiddles, banjos, autoharps and Appalachian dulcimers.

The two highlights were Saturday night. One was a group called the West Virginia Boys (including one woman banjo picker) and they got some incredible music going with flutes and an instrument called a hammered dulcimer. It inspired one person to do a gymnastic performance — standing on his hands for what seemed forever, kicking his legs and ending with back flips. It all brought on a standing ovation.

And then commenced one of the most moving things I have seen in a good while. A two hour slide show with songs (many original) sung by Mike Kline to guitar and banjo picking, all about strip-mining in Appalachia. It was called "You Can't Put it Back."

Strip-mining involves stripping the land of its timber and digging coal directly out from the barren mountain slopes. It is less costly and uses less men than tunnelling for coal. It leaves the mountains scarred and ugly and leads to terminal erosion. It turns the mountain streams black with poisonous runoff. But it makes a profit for the coal companies.

The show was also about organizing in the mines, about Yablonski who was murdered with his wife and daughter for doing just that, and about black

lung disease which the miners get from inhaling coal dust and from which they never recover.

It was inspirational. Like the civil rights spirituals that would send shivers down your back. Perhaps more meaningful than the standing ovation that came at the end was the fact that the hillside audience joined in on all the songs.

*I can see the people stirrin' through the valleys and the hills
I can hear the people stirrin' as I go, as I go
I can feel the people stirrin' through the valleys and the hills
Oh, I'm a-goin home to Jesus, bless my soul, bless my soul*

That is still ringing in my ears.

The festival happens every year and admission is just \$4. It is on Don West's land and was emceed this year by Don West's daughter, folk-singer Hedy West. But why I'm writing isn't to review it (sorry, you didn't make it, but ...) or to advertize it for next year (too many tourists would ruin it). It just got me thinking pretty hard and I want to share some of the thoughts knocking around in my brain.

I was at Woodstock. And maybe it's taking too much liberty to try and draw a comparison, because after all, there were half a million other people there. But I will take that liberty. Woodstock was the much heralded birth of Woodstock nation, the youth nation that Yippies based their "politics" on.

Well, there were a lot of longhairs at Pipestem, too. Maybe three-quarters young people with various degrees of long hair. And there was some dope. But what was different was the calm, as opposed to the frenzy. The

fact that grandmothers could feel comfortable singing spirituals and their grandsons could feel comfortable talking revolution. And the deep sense of Appalachian history and tradition and love for the land that permeated it all.

Don West talked about how Appalachian mountains served as the main route of the underground railroad out of the Slave South. Many of the songs recalled the long, hard struggle of the mineworkers and the strength of organizers like Mother Jones. ("Pray for the dead. Fight like hell for the living.")

And it called up the contrast. I'm not trying to say Woodstock wasn't nice. It was. There were acid freak-outs, but generally people were together and sharing. But, the music (remember, the reason folks were there) was not the people's music in the same way. Its' electric throb never let you forget that it required all that technology to happen. And the performers were over there with their champagne, while we were over here in the mud. And movies and records and reputations and MONEY were being made at a frantic pace.

But maybe most important was that it was for YOUTH just like the politics of Yippies. Youth, cut off from history and from the rest of the people in real, basic ways. Orphaned from the strength that comes from roots and experience. Held together mostly by symbols — long hair and marijuana.

It always seemed to me that what Jerry and Abbie and those media revolutionaries were doing with their media trips was advertizing for the revolution. Commercials. One-minute spots. Turn-ons. Buy this and YIPPIE!, the revolution will come. Instant solutions just like the deodorant ads.

But that kind of "organizing" leaves you glossing over certain major pieces of reality. Celebrating "youth culture" and its music, you can forget that events like Altamont and most rock music are sexist to the core. Women being raped at Altamont and objectified in the music — that should not be celebrated, it should be destroyed.

And you can forget, too, that the youth nation is built off the fat of Amerika, the privileges of the white middle class, the rip-off opportunities, which are not open to the poor. And what it seems that kind of organizing leaves you with is something as ephemeral as age — a movement that is disappearing like a soap bubble.

That's probably well and good. We need to go past the turn-on stage of movements and set about the real business of revolution. Either it has all been illusion and we will fade away — just like our civics classes said, vanishing into the flexible Amerikan System and leaving only a few martyrs behind. Or we will begin to be serious. Really serious. In for the long haul. Defining, consolidating, strengthening our communities. Reaching back for our lost histories of struggle and strength. And reaching out to the people not impressed with our symbolic rebellion.

And, I don't mean cutting off your hair and burying your dope. I mean for us to stop glorifying superstars and putting energy into national media events. And to start paying attention to real, steady, serious work. Breakfast programs, working food cooperatives, community gardens, tenants' unions, abortion referral services, day-care centers, free clinics, communications networks. The kinds of things that can cross over lines of privilege, lines of age, and that can make a real difference.



Black Draft Resister

Arrested & Imprisoned

The Southern Christian Educational Fund (SCEF) is mounting a campaign to petition President Nixon for the pardoning of New Orleans organizer and draft resister Walter Collins.

Collins, 26, who is now in the federal penitentiary in Texarkana, was indicted on six counts of draft resistance and convicted of five in 1970. He was sentenced to five years on each count, to be served concurrently and fined \$2,000. His lawyers took his case to the U.S. Supreme Court, appealing on the grounds that only one of the members of his draft board lived in the same part of New Orleans he did, and none of the members of the board are black. The chairman lived in a different county. (Selective Service law recommends that those who sit on draft boards should be representative members of the communities they "serve.")

On Nov. 16, 1970, the Supreme Court refused to hear the appeal of his case. Eleven days later, federal marshals came to Collins' home in New Orleans, handcuffed him and refused him time to get a toothbrush or a coat. His mother, Mrs. Virginia Collins, an activist in the black and women's liberation movements, called the marshals' methods "gestapo tactics." (The normal procedure of arrest when an appeal is denied is to allow the person time to take care of personal affairs and surrender. Besides, Walter's lawyers had been granted 25 days by the court to prepare a petition for reconsideration of his case.) On Jan. 11, 1971, the Supreme Court gave its final refusal to hear the case.

Last December, representatives of SCEF, Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the National Association of Black Students, the National Committee of Black Churchmen and other black liberation and human rights organizations, presented an amnesty petition bearing 12,000 signatures at the White House. Three white draft resisters who had recently won landmark draft cases in the Supreme Court (Welsh vs. U.S.), submitted an amicus brief to that court urging that the Collins case be reviewed. The three told the court, "Our victories in the face of black defeats contradict everything we are trying to make our lives stand for."

Simultaneously, another delegation presented the U.S. District Attorney in New Orleans with amnesty petitions signed by 5,200 persons in that city. Amnesty International, a group based in England concerned with the treatment of political prisoners around the globe, began circulating petitions for Collins' pardon at that time. Shortly after this pressure began, the Supreme Court announced it would review the case of Muhammed Ali.

Walter Sedler, one of Collins' attorneys, notes that the federal courts in New Orleans have been racist in their rulings on draft resisters. Last April 24, the U.S. District Court of Appeals freed Oscar Clinton, a white man, on a draft charge because only two members of his board were residents of the area it served. Three days later, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals upheld Collins' five-year sentence.

On the national level, the U.S. Supreme Court has decided 28 cases involving the rights of draft resisters since 1965. Twenty-four of those

cases were won and only four were accepted for appeal were black. Two of these were among the four cases that were lost. Meantime, other black draft resisters have been unable to appeal, or had their appeals refused, and are now in prison, on their way there, or have disappeared.

For more information about the case, and for copies of the amnesty petition, write the Southern Christian Educational Fund, 3210 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40211. You might also:

*Write President Nixon and tell him to pardon Collins or cut his sentence to time served.

*Write congressman Bob Eckhardt and tell him you want amnesty granted and urge him to bring the question of black draft resisters to the floor of Congress and to work for repeal of the draft.

*Write to Collins himself. The address is P.M.B. 18254, Texarkana, Tex., 75501. Your name and address must appear on the outside of the envelope.

A Look At Walter Collins



Walter Collins

Walter Collins has been active in the civil rights movement since he was in high school and took part in the sit-ins of the early 1960's. He worked on voter-registration drives in the Deep South, and in 1966 he started organizing opposition to the war in the New Orleans black community.

For the two years before imprisonment, he worked on the staff of SCEF, a south-wide organization building coalitions between blacks and poor and working-class whites. He was also southern regional director for the National Association of Black Students, and was organizing a network of black

draft counselors throughout the south. At the time he was arrested, he was scheduled to speak in the following two weeks at colleges and high schools throughout Louisiana and to lead a national conference of black draft counselors in Chicago in early December, 1970.

Collins lost his student deferment in 1966, soon after he began anti-war organizing. He was given the wrong information when he tried to apply for conscientious objector status. Twice, when he reported for induction and passed out anti-war literature, he was sent home.

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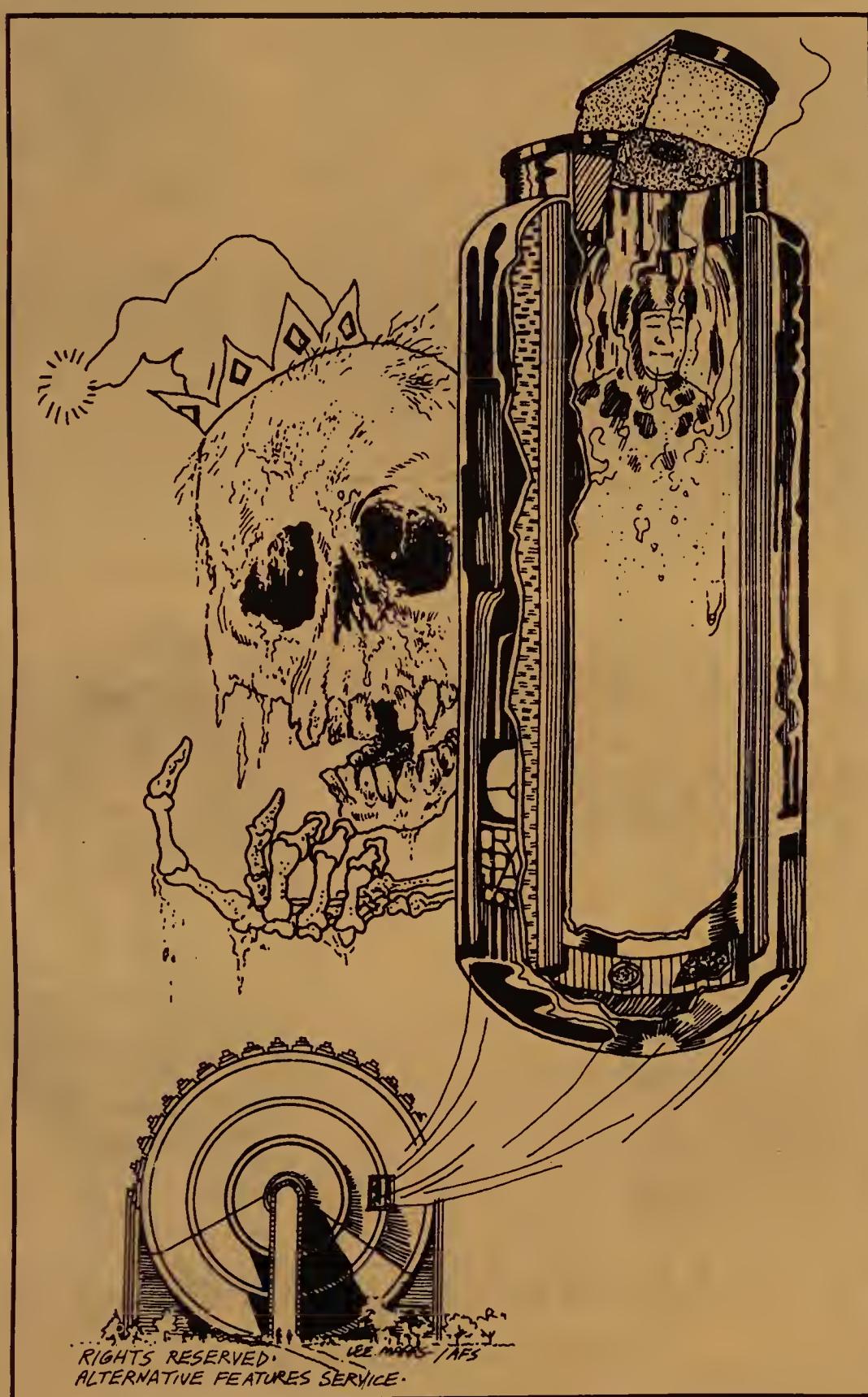


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Cold Facts on Cryonics

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN...



By John Berger

*"All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any
one supposed and luckier."*

Life extension through cryogenics, the branch of physics dealing with very low temperature, ostensibly was the theme of the Bay Area Cryonics Society's (BACS) fourth annual con-

ference in San Francisco recently. And participants were not disappointed. Along with an agenda-full of technical topics was an item in red marked "Special Unprecedented Scientific Demonstration."

At the appointed hour, the nature of the display still a carefully guarded secret, a towering cryogenic capsule was wheeled into the conference hall of the plush Sheraton Palace Hotel. Although nine feet six inches tall, the precision engineered tank rolled noiselessly, gleaming softly in the indirect light of the hotel's gaudy chandeliers.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" intoned a voice.

In answer, the society's bespectacled secretary read from a prepared script: "At the door of life, by the gate of breath, There are worse things waiting for men than death."

As her words died away, four of the cryonic society's most distinguished directors left their seats in the audience and calmly donned white surgical gowns behind a small screen at the front of the hall. Smiling confidently, the two women and two men each lay

on a specially constructed gurney. From a complex bank of mobile instrumentation panels and pumps, inlet and outlet tubes were attached to their bodies for the world's first extended-time, simultaneous life suspension test on four human subjects.

With the rapidity and skill of highly trained surgical experts, the cryonic suspension team erected a prefabricated operating chamber made of transparent plastic to insure sterility at all times during suspension while affording the audience maximum visibility.

Proceeding exactly according to schedule, the cryonics personnel lowered the patients' body temperature to 40° F and drained their blood completely both to prevent clogging of blood vessels and to facilitate introduction of the liquid cryoprotective agents known as perfusates which act as biological antifreeze during the supercooling process.

Even before the blood was completely drained, perfusion liquids were pumped through the directors' blood vessels to prevent cellular damage while the temperatures and ionic gradients of the patients and of the liquids were carefully controlled by a central data bank at which a titration program monitored and regulated the entire suspension process. A connection with the computer was maintained continuously on a real time basis by means of a simple jack plugged into the hotel's specially installed computer terminal.

At this point, all existing available clinical tests would have shown the subjects legally dead; and if hostile legal authorities were present, the cryonic suspension team could have been charged with suspected murder. Yet, courageously without further delay, when the sounding of a pleasant chime and the flashing of a violet control panel light indicated perfusion was complete, the four patients were placed in individual mylar sacks and then into airtight aluminum suspension modules which were immediately flushed with helium. When instruments indicated the directors had reached the temperature of dry ice (-110° F), their modules were each placed head downward inside the giant communal time capsule.

With the flip of another switch, a carefully controlled electronic welding program was activated, sealing the inner chamber and filling it with liquid nitrogen, thus completing the directors' cryonic suspension and ending Phase One of the society's bold experiment. No further developments are imminent since all of those suspended have contracted to remain in suspension until the scheduled date of their thawing at next year's cryonics conference.

Needless to say, the scientists and lay members of the Bay Area Cryonics Society, Inc. can't deliver futuristic fantasies like this yet, nor can anyone reanimate a human being.

But it is a real, honest, certified fact that more than 12 people have already placed ultimate faith in the new science and are currently in states of cryonic suspension at various sites in the United States, while others are now completing legal and financial arrangements for their cryonic interment.

In view both of the technical ad-

vances revealed at the BACS conference and recent developments in cryobiology (the study of biological systems at low temperatures), their decisions are less incomprehensible. To date, cryogenic preservation has made impressive strides. Human sperm, skin, bone, cornea and retina in addition to animal intestines, brains, kidneys and hearts have been frozen and restored to full or partial function.

RAISING THE DEAD

A major premise held by many in the cryonics movement is that due to advances in knowledge, future scientists may be able to restore preserved patients by repairing causes of functional failure and reversing damage caused by current freezing methods. A BACS pamphlet asserts, "It is probable that any disease or injury short of absolute destruction will ultimately be curable or reversible."

When words like "reversible" and "irreversible" are broadly construed, "death" becomes a relative issue -- a question of semantics. Today, clinical death is arbitrarily considered to occur at the point when heartbeat and respiration stop and cannot be restored. Yet cardiac massage and artificial respiration can revive a person beyond a point which might have been regarded as his clinical death years ago. Conversely, many ailments which are incurable today will be curable some years hence; formerly, people often died because organ transplants, dialysis, modern surgery, x-rays, insulin and antibiotics did not exist.

REANIMATION

Adherents of the cryonics movement like those in the BACS abhor the popular terminology applied to the suspension process. Nothing bugs them more than talk of "freezing dead bodies and bringing them back to life hundreds of years from now." Some

cryonics people simply relate better to positive "life-oriented" concepts like "stopping the dying process," and "preserving the precious gift of life." But other members of the movement feel the whole concept of reanimation is premature, considering the still primitive state of suspension technology.

People frozen now are very badly damaged in the process, said Paul Segall, a founder of Negative Entropy, Inc. and visionary graduate student in biology. To reanimate them would be another story, to say the least. Segall sees suspension instead as a means of preserving the biological information of the people frozen. At a future time, probably sooner than the date when the "chewed up" bodies now stored can be repaired, Segall feels they could be used as frozen blueprints to totally reconstruct the original person.

He believes this might become possible first through clonal duplication of the body from a single cultured cell, and then by memory transfer. Biochemists would use a frozen cell of the person as a template from which to synthesize an identical copy which would then be cultured to maturity in an artificial womb and implanted with the memory of the deceased. No reanimation, per se, would take place.

Critics of the cryonics movement, like Alex Comfort, M.B., B.Ch., D.Sc., dispute the tenets of cryonics. Writing in the June 1971 issue of *Medical Opinion*, Comfort said, "At the moment, quackery about deep-freezing should be the last thing we would want to see popularized because it might divert cultural energy out of a real scientific prospect -- that of delaying human aging -- Immortality is not possible. The control of aging is."

Despite such criticism, one of the basic aims of the cryonics movement is to promote research into the life extension sciences. These include full-scale experimentation into aging, transplantation, resuscitation, regeneration,

suspended animation, and artificial organogony. The Cryonics Society of New York has already planned a course in the life extension sciences to be given this fall at a major university.

Comfort also questions whether our descendants will want to revive relatives they never knew and he suggests the cryonics field presents unscrupulous operators with unlimited opportunities for fraud and blackmail ("another grand or we defrost Auntie").

THE CRYONICS INDUSTRY

Several corporations and periodicals have already sprung up to cater to -- and profit from -- the new markets in cryonics. Manrise Corporation in La Canada, Calif. is working on design and fabrication of perfusion apparatus for human beings. Prototype equipment was displayed at the BACS conference.

Cryospan Corporation of Sayville, N.Y. has a slick full-color pamphlet offering: "Pre-suspension counseling, Preparation and initial cool-down of the body, Initial storage at -110° F, Permanent storage at -320° F, Assistance in arranging for memorial services, and Indefinite custodial care at our storage facilities."

The Cryonics Society of California in Santa Monica charges \$10 a month for suspension, according to President Robert F. Nelson. Saul Kent, editor of *Immortality* magazine and member of the Cryonics Society of New York, estimated the current initial costs of suspension at \$8,500 and said annual maintenance costs are \$700 at the moment but fluctuate greatly.

John Bear, Ph.D., Director of Communication for Innerspace Environments, Inc. of San Francisco, is now planning to raise money for publication of a \$17,000 full-page ad in the New York Times or the Wall Street Journal, giving prospective "patients" the opportunity to reserve space at a former U.S. government Titan missile

base, now obsolete.

The site consists of "1.7 million cubic feet located more than 100 feet underground." It is "bomb-proof, weather-proof, vandal-proof, earthquake-proof, and water-proof as modern technology can devise." If his program and his LTA Systems, Inc. get off the ground, LTA plans to charge clients a \$1,000 registration fee for suspension, plus "between \$200 to \$400 a year for most people in good health."

CRYONICS AND ECOLOGY

Projecting the philosophical meaning of cryonics into the future, endless and as yet hypothetical implications can be imagined.

Cryonic suspension may be viewed as a way of recovering and recycling junk bodies back into the eco-system-bodies which we are now too ignorant to fix. On a large scale, reanimation might intensify the population explosion.

Species of animals about to succumb to extinction might be frozen so that they could be later revived and propagated again as a species.

Whole groups of people, bored or dissatisfied with their contemporaries, might choose to trip off into the future together in the hope things would be better upon their resurrection.

Cryonic suspension may one day portend a revolution in consciousness equal in importance to the technical advances brought by cryobiology. For given the possibility of unlimited life, barring accidents, mankind would no longer be passing the problems of the day on to the next generation -- we would be the next generation. Thus, through enlightened self-interest, our species might develop a more reverent attitude toward the biosphere.

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VELVET UNDERGROUND
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Japan has a booming national economy with some not-so-pleasant by-products: like a serious pollution problem, a trend towards rearmament, and Col. Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Colonel Sanders in Japan

by Frank Roberick

Six-foot high plastic statues of Colonel Sanders will soon appear on the streets of Tokyo when the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation joins with Japan's Mitsubishi Shoji Jaisha to form Kentucky Fried Chicken Japan, Ltd. (Mitsubishi is a large Japanese conglomerate.)

The new partnership is starting out with five restaurants in Tokyo this year, and has plans for 70 additional outlets in major Japanese cities.

Until recently, the Japanese government has been wary about allowing U.S. investment in Japan, but some loosening of tariff regulations in the last few months has encouraged foreign investors. And the food market seems a good place to invest.

Another U.S.-based company, General Foods, Burger Chef division, is opening a shop in the Shoan district of Tokyo and has plans for five additional shops in the next year. Semi-cooked burgers will be taken to the five radar ranges, cooked to perfection there, and sold as fast as they can be made. Ownership of the chain rests completely with two wholly owned subsidiaries of General Foods; Burger Chef Systems of Indianapolis and General Foods, Ltd., of Tokyo. Current plans call for 250 such shops to be built throughout Japan in the next ten years.

The Howard Johnson Co. will soon open 100 orange roadside restaurants in western Japan. International Dairy Queen, Inc., has made a tentative agreement for a fast-food chain. The golden arches of McDonald's hamburger stands will also soon dot the Japanese landscape.

U.S. manufacturers are also flooding Japan with frozen foods, bakery goods, dairy products and canned goods. Morton Frozen Foods, of Chicken Pie fame, is a leader in the new market. Japanese frozen food sales are currently \$160 million a year, and are expected to top a billion dollars a year shortly.

Dairy products are also being Americanized. Kraft's Velveeta cheese is now being distributed through Japan's second-largest dairy concern, Morinda Milk Industry. William Wrigley Junior Company, which makes 60% of the world's chewing gum, is planning to double its pleasure, fun and profits by entering what they estimate to be the world's second largest chewing gum market -- Japan.

And even Japanese cats and dogs will soon be dining on Purina Taiyo Pet Chow, the product of a 50-50 venture between Ralston Purina Company of St. Louis and the Taiyo Fishery Company of Tokyo.

On Aug. 6, 1945, the United States dropped an atomic bomb on the city of Hiroshima. Two days later, just in case the Japanese government hadn't got the message about what the United States was willing to do to the islands, the city of Nagasaki was also "nuked."

It was a slam-bang, All-American way to end a war. Emperor Hirohito empowered his cabinet to seek peace immediately. General Curtis LeMay, the man who wanted to fight the Vietnam war by "nuking 'em back to the Stone Age," was the director of all Air Force operations in the Pacific.

Recent historical studies indicate that the U.S. military command knew that the Japanese military was wasted and that the combined pressure of air war and naval blockade was sufficient to bring a speedy end to the war. President Truman and his advisors decided to drop the bomb largely to impress our "Russian allies" with our new secret weapon, making the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki the first innocent victims of the Cold War. (Check it out for yourself in *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*, by W.A. Williams or *Atomic Diplomacy*, by Gar Alperowitz, both available in the Space City! library.)

American troops occupied the islands. They haven't left yet. There are presently 126 military bases in Japan, occupying a total area of one-fifth the size of Tokyo. Japan is an R&R haven for American combat troops and is a staging area for men and supplies headed for Southeast Asia, or, in the past and perhaps again in the future, Korea.

Under the benevolent dictatorship of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the U.S. occupation force rewrote the nation's constitution. One of the provisions of that constitution outlawed offensive war and prohibited a standing army of over 50,000 men. That provision was sidestepped when the U.S. Army decided it needed a Japanese back-up force to guard the islands during the Korean War, and the size of the army was increased. The Japanese armed forces now have 250,000 men.

Meanwhile, American advisors were busy in the reconstruction of Japan's ruined businesses and commerce. Japanese capitalists enthusiastically copied successful American business practices. With these military and economic invasions came the introduction of American culture to the Japanese people -- television game shows, rock and roll, mass produced everything, individual cars, traffic jams and industrial pollution. Japan is in many ways an Americanized piece of Asia: A Toyota in every garage image combined with the lowest per capita income of any industrialized nation in the world.

The following three articles by writers for the Pacific News Service talk about the effects of three different aspects of this new Japan on the Japanese people: the rebuilding of the Japanese armed forces, the ecology crisis caused by industrial pollution and the explosion of American plastic food chains throughout the country.

New Teeth for the Dragon

by Jonathon Grant

Last month, Japan issued a White Paper mapping out the country's military plans. It confirmed what many observers have been warning for some time -- Japan is rearming.

Very little about this has appeared in the news media except for an NBC First Tuesday report last January. This is partially because the United States has been instrumental in the step by step rearmament of Japan.

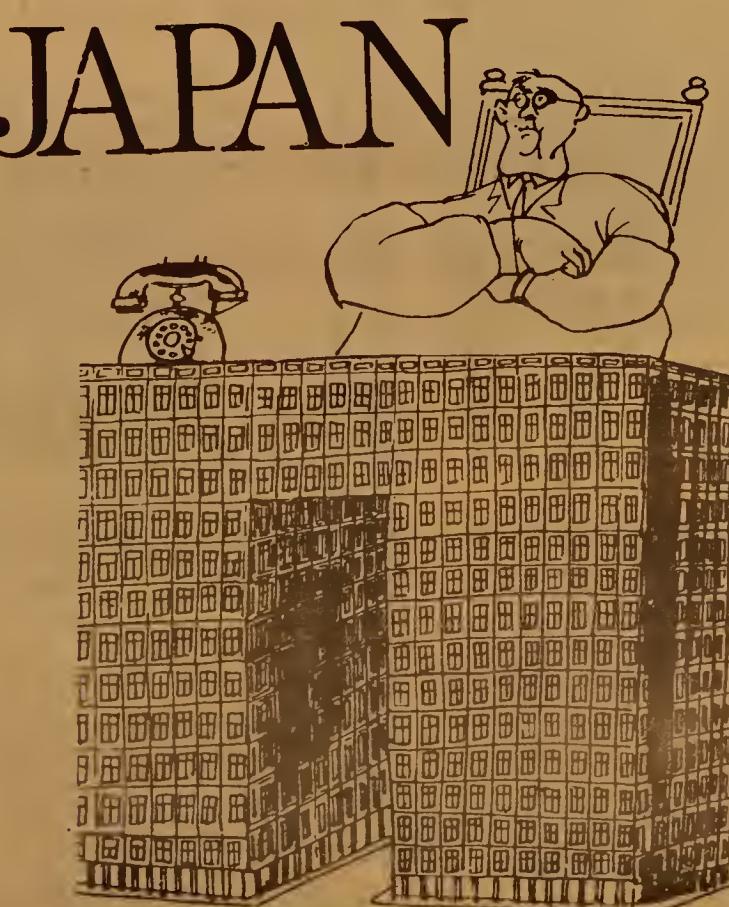
In the next five year plan, to begin in 1972, defense spending will be increased by 250% over the current program with technologically advanced aerospace hardware getting the largest share. A missile program is being developed, and the air force may expand to 4,000 or 5,000 planes. One high ranking Air Force commander said he "would like to have a size force we had during or before World War II."

The new White Paper also said that while Japan has no plans to develop a nuclear capability, and would choose to remain under American atomic protection, there is nothing in Japan's anti-war constitution which prohibits the development of nuclear weapons as long as they are defensive. (The Japanese have refused to sign the nuclear non-proliferation treaty and are considered capable of producing nuclear warheads of their own within six months to two years.) This upset the large Japanese anti-war and anti-bomb movement.

During the Korean War, the American occupation administration scrapped the post-war prohibition on Japanese military forces, and pushed the reluctant Japanese into setting up an army, navy and air force under the name of Self-Defense forces, which currently total some 250,000. Japan's navy and air force are second in Asia only to the United States and the Soviet Union.

The Nixon administration is supporting Japanese rearmament in the hopes of getting Japan to share significantly in the policing of Asia. The United States is encouraging the build-up in the offensive fighter-bomber force and Nike-Hercules missiles through licensing agreements with McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft Corporation. The United States is not for an independent Japanese nuclear force at this time, however.

Japan's defense minister is Yasuhiro Nakasone, 51, who served as a lieutenant in the Navy during the war, was an early advocate of rearmament, and is now pushing for nuclear armament. He is the leader of a grouping in the Japanese Diet (parliament) called the New Right. In the White Paper he spoke of "upholding the pioneering



spirit" of the nation and maintaining patriotism to "defend one's own country at the cost of his life." He has said that he would like to become the Premier of Japan.

Although there is too much opposition to his election in the ruling Liberal-Democratic (which is conservative) Party, and under present law, the Premier is elected by members of the parliament. Nakasone is trying to get the electoral laws changed to popular elections for Premier. He would stand a better chance there as an aggressive spokesman for a new international role for the new world economic power---Japan.

In contrast to Sato, the present Premier, who advocates close cooperation with the United States, Nakasone feels that "we and the Americans have been too close, too long." His defense plans call for control over U.S. bases by 1975, and he would like to see Japan take an independent stand in foreign policy. Tensions between the United States and Japan, which have been caused by the strong economic competition Japanese industry gives U.S. corporations, may get even stronger as Nakasone's plans unfold.



And Bad Air Too

by jon unger

Seven year old Seiichi Yasuda of the heavily industrialized city of Yokkaichi, Japan recently collapsed and suffocated despite doctor's attempts to revive him.

The cause of the death according to city authorities: air pollution. Young Seiichi, an asthma sufferer since he was three, became Yokkaichi's forty-first officially designated pollution fatality.

The day that Seiichi died, Japan's second-largest city, Osaka, issued its first smog alert. And within three days, a 28-year-old mother of two children died in smog-bound city of Kawasaki.

Due to rapid industrialization, air pollution is a serious problem in many parts of Japan. Tokyo is the worst. During one smoggy week in July, over 8,000 people were treated in Tokyo hospitals for severe eye and skin irritation and other pollution-induced ailments. Tokyo traffic policemen do not stay at busy intersections longer than 30 minutes and 40 street corners have oxygen machines available.

The number of private cars in Tokyo has doubled in the last three years. To make matters worse, the Japanese oil industry adds benzene and toluene to cheaper grades of gasoline, and the chemical exhausts are converted into poisonous gases by the sun's ultraviolet rays.

Such disregard for the welfare of the Japanese people typifies the country's industry. For example, Japanese automobile manufacturers equip cars exported to the United States with

exhaust control devices, but do not do that for their home market.

There are few controls on industrial pollution in Japan. Some 380 pulp and paper factories spew untreated wastes into the port of Fuji. The harbor must be continually dredged and all the fish are being killed.

In the fishing town of Minamata, 46 people have been killed and over 70 blinded or paralyzed in the last 20 years. The cause: mercury poisoning, contacted by eating tuna caught in mercury-polluted waters. Yet despite this, and despite militant demonstrations and sit-ins led by family relations of the Minamata victims, the Nippon Nitrogen Company continues to discharge its mercury waste into Minamata's bay. Towns people are now mounting a desperate drive to buy controlling interest in the company.

Escalating public concern forced an extraordinary session of the Diet (parliament) that passed a dozen new pollution laws last fall. But it is unlikely that the Japanese government will put strict pollution controls into practice, since such controls would put heavy financial burdens on Japan's growing industry. The surging Japanese economy will likely triple its Gross National Product in the next ten years -- at the expense of the health and lives of the Japanese people.

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LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS

Kunkin Conked

Control of the venerable Los Angeles Free Press, seven years old this month, may soon pass to a coalition of radical groups who have vowed to "rule or ruin" the paper.

Having provoked a community uprising by allowing the paper's ownership to fall into the hands of commercial pornographers, Art Kunkin's Free Press is on the verge of collapse. Last week 20,000 Free Press subscriptions (of a total press run averaging 93,000) were not delivered, as the Free Press had failed to pay its bills to a mailing service.

Recognizing that failure to deliver its subscriptions marks the onset of a publication's death, former staffers and community groups have formed a committee to acquire the Free Press. One member of the group, in which radical women known as Anarcho-Feminists are prominent, referred to it as "a coalition of radicals trying a corporate raid." Seeking support from the liberals and intellectuals who supported

the Free Press in its early years, the committee hopes to raise \$60,000 to buy out the paper from its new owners and place it in the hands of an editorial collective responsive to the community.

In initial meetings with a representative of Therapy Productions, Inc., the pornographic firm which now owns the Free Press, the committee's offer of \$60,000 payable in \$1,000 monthly installments was rejected.

If the radical group doesn't succeed in gaining control of the Free Press's plant and advertising contracts, they'll publish a new community newspaper, tentatively called the People's Free Press.

Protests against the Free Press's founder-editor-publisher Art Kunkin, began as early as 1966, when staffer Doc Stanley unsuccessfully tried to purge Free Press leadership. The most recent move against Kunkin came when his

failing business empire — three bookstores, a printing company, a typesetting plant and book publishing firm — lost control of the Free Press to creditors. The new owners summarily fired 12 staff members — without warning, severance pay or other contract benefits.

Two women employees fired by the new sexist regime called a strike on July 6 and put a picket line around the paper, demanding their back pay. The strike soon grew into a broad-based attack on sexism and mismanagement in Kunkin's Free Press.

The new owners, terrorized by women's liberationists who occupied the building, met the money demands of the strikers, removed the lawyer who had been fronting for them and reinstated Kunkin as managing editor.

In a hastily-called meeting in Hollywood on July 10, about two dozen people — the strikers and their supporters, including the paper's former

business manager and numerous former writers and editors — were discussing strategy when Kunkin appeared uninvited. The gathering soon turned into a people's courtroom, in which Kunkin was confronted with angry charges and demands he make the Free Press responsive to the community.

When women said that no individual man could run a paper for all the people, he replied, "I am not responsible to the community. This is not a movement paper, it's *my* paper and *I'm* in the movement." He refused the community's demands for collective control, "Communal organization doesn't work," he insisted. "I invested \$15,000 in the Good Times, and when it became a commune I walked away."

Kunkin lives in a \$42,000 hillside home, drives a big car equipped with a telephone, and — until he lost control of the paper — drew a salary of \$1,000 a week.

— Alternative Features Service

A Perspective

Is Big Brother Always Watching?

I hope you've read George Orwell's novel *1984*. Every twentieth century Amerikan should. And this whole article is about why you should.

To refresh your memory, *1984* is the story of a possible future in which the world is governed by a number of powerful super-states which are locked in a seemingly endless cold war which periodically breaks into small-scale hot wars. (Sound familiar?) Orwell's story takes place in one of these super-states, known as Oceania.

Now, Oceania is a dictatorship ruled by a charismatic cat known as Big Brother. Big Brother is always watching, so you can't get away with anything. At the first sign of rebelliousness the Thought Police will come and get you.

Now, in reality, Big Brother wasn't always watching, but as long as everyone believed he was they were too afraid to be rebellious and he didn't need to be watching. All it took was for the government to make everybody think they were always watching. A little paranoia and everybody

If it isn't obvious why you should have read *1984*, you need to develop a greater familiarity with our protectors the PIGS. The gentlemen of the F.B.I., the D.P.S., the H.P.D., etc. seem to be taking a lesson from George Orwell's textbook on law enforcement.

One of the documents the Committee to Investigate the F.B.I. has "midnight subpoenaed" is a directive from J. Edgar Hoover on the subject of campus radicals. J. Edgar tells his agents that they should call campus radicals in for questioning periodically in order to contribute to the "paranoia" that "there is an F.B.I. agent lurking behind every tree." Thus, they are to deter the radicals from engaging in unlawful revolutionary acts.

A friend of mine who used to do some naughty No No's concerning drugs is tailed frequently by Impalas with whip antennae. For over a week he was tailed everywhere he went by a white Impala; now the colors vary but it's always an Impala with a big whip antenna. It seems to me that

that isn't the way it would be done if they didn't want him to know he was being followed.

Another friend's phone was tapped. The wire tap got so noisy that you had trouble hearing what was said in the midst of the hollow echo, the buzz and the clicks. Finally it developed about a one second veritable lag, with a clear full echo. I really believe they can do that better too.

Could the Pigs really be all that clumsy and stupid? Is their surveillance really that obvious just because they don't have any more snap than to be that bumbling?

I think they want us to know they're watching. They want us to believe Big Brother is always watching. They want us to tremble in our boots (or even in our bare feet) everytime we smoke a joint. They want us too frightened to organize. They want us too scared to fight. They want us too intimidated to be ourselves.

We can't achieve anything if we're too scared to act. We have to blow off the paranoia and just live. We need to be cautious to some extent, but only

to a reasonable extent. We can't let ourselves be scared off by the telescreens with their ever-present picture of Big Brother and the message "Big Brother is watching." We have to go on doing our thing, without taking uncalled for risks, but doing it.

One more detail from Orwell's novel: The telescreens with Big Brother's face on them convince the citizens of Oceania that Big Brother is always watching. So the Oceanans who are into rebellion go where there are no telescreens to plot their Movement. And, of course, that's where the Thought Police are really, seriously watching.

In much the same way, it is when we are sneaking about, exercising paranoid caution, that we draw heat down on ourselves. When we are casual, but not blatant, we draw no heat. Nobody suspects the man who is driving just over the speed limit of transporting dope; they think he would be driving slow to avoid suspicion or fast to hurry where he is going and out of danger.

— legendary dave

MUSIC

One day, a few weeks before this album appeared in my mailbox like some impossible sweepstakes prize, I happened to be musing idly over the question, "What would be the most unlikely old group to make a comeback next?"

There was no answer, for after a certain point they're *all* about equally unlikely, but for some reason my mind settled on Link Wray and His Ray-Men. I dug out all his old records and spent most of that afternoon digging those murderous instrumentals that, even after 12 years, still come on like brass knuckles and motorcycle chains.

They were the hardest, toughest instrumental band going in that era of hoodlums on every corner and rumbles in the alley. I used to always wonder what kind of guy he was, with a name like that, surely not just another New Jersey punk; more likely, considering what he called his backup group, they were some sort of outer space rock 'n roll commandos.

What I didn't know then and probably nobody would've cared about 'till now is that he's an Indian. The "facts" they send out with his record are shamefully vague — all they say is that he's been getting it together with his "family" (brothers and soul-brothers) in an old chicken shack in Accokeek, Md. Eleven years "getting it together"! That must be some kind of record.

But anyway this album was recorded there, with what appears from the photos to be obsolete war-surplus equipment. Opening the record all I could think was, man, after 11 years, and all that bragging about the primitive recording conditions — this had better be one motherfucker of an album. Still, one learns to be hard and cynical pretty fast in this game, and I wasn't really expecting much.

Yet I was wrong. This is an unbelievably good album. What Link and his family have gone through in search of their own identity and heartfelt music is very much like the alchemy Levon and the Hawks underwent before emerging as The Band. Roots they've found, not Red Power "Indian

Reservation" roots, but the kind you grow after 18 years of grinding it out as a rock 'n roll act, being screwed by record companies, and trying, somehow, to make it.

I don't want to exaggerate, though. These guys aren't The Band. None of them has the genius of Robbie Robertson, or even the singing ability of Levon Helm. The lyrics are good, unforced, topical when necessary, inventive at times. Musically, they're professional and appealing, but their music comes from true experience and maturity, and that's their strongest similarity to The Band. Billy Hodges and Bobby Howard are great on piano, organ and mandolin, and Link himself — who plays guitar, bass and dobro — has undeniably improved over the years.

No longer does his guitar stab you in the guts; when he gets carried away it usually comes out in blues runs. The whole sound is very tasteful, tending toward a relaxed, reflective style ("laid back", I think it's called) as on "Black River Swamp" or the gentle, choir-like effects of "Take Me Home Jesus" and "Fire and Brimstone."

"Crowbar" is a steady, stone-hard blues and Willie Dixon's "Tail Dragger" (the only non-original) is closest to Wray's 90's sound, with its tough metallic guitar chords. On "La De Da" he uses his own version of Leon Russell's production style, giving it more originality than Leon's has had in ages. Actually, it's hard to compare Wray's style to anything, especially on blues numbers like "Rise and Fall of Jimmy Stokes" (which is unlike any blues I ever heard — and if anything he is totally fresh talent).

I'm amazed that anybody could've burst so unexpectedly upon the scene with a sound so tremendous. I'm astounded that an album this good was recorded on a 3-track machine in a rickety shack. But most of all I'm impressed that this fine album, fitting perfectly into the top ranks of contemporary rock, should happen to be by old rocker Link Wray. What a splendid transformation; what a splendid album.

— Greg Shaw/AFS



Local Notes

Two Houston groups have released singles lately, both on local labels. This is nothing new, but it hasn't been done in Houston since Blackwell and others like them attempted the climb up the Top-40 charts a couple of years back. True, Neal Ford & the Fanatics and Bubble Puppy were chart-busters in their own right, but times have changed. Back then, concerts were few and far between, and most of the music you got to hear was at your local neighborhood teen dances. The Pasadena Elks Club Teen Dances, Taylor Hall Canteen, Mount Carmel High School Teen Dances, the groovy Catacombs, the Wall out on Airline Drive, and many more I can't remember drew thousands of kids every weekend to hear the latest group.

Many musicians in the top Houston groups of today got started on the teen dance circuit. It was easy to push a record when every weekend you could play to another segment of the population you were trying to sell your product to. Not so these days. Big rock concerts, at least three or four every month, often more, make it hard to operate anything with strictly local talent, and seriously limit the gigs available to rock musicians. With the demise of Milby Park as a rock showcase, it is even harder. These new efforts are as good, if not better than their ancestors from years gone by. It is unfortunate that they are going to have such a hard time.

* * * * *

"Snakebite" b/w "Slave of Fear" by Stone Axe!, on the Rampart Street Label.

Stone Axe! (their exclamation point, not mine) is one of the closest things in Texas to ELECTRIC; standard reaction to local groups is polite applause at song's end. With a typical Stone Axe! gig, it is more like hysteria. I've seen this group several times since their inception six months ago, and each time, audience reaction has been the same. Whether before 200 people at a Church dance (Times are hard all around) or 5,000 people in the park, the pounding and screaming lead hypnotically towards the inevitable boogie, and a tortured, twisted version of "Southern Louisiana Blues" that rushes to a climactic finale. Any attempt to confine this group to an audio level cannot succeed.

This single is not an accurate portrayal of the four young men who call themselves Stone Axe!. It is rather, a reflection of the experiences they try to relate to the music, not of the music itself.

The song "Snakebite" is an anti-drug song, so to speak, warning of the dangers of hard drugs.

As the song's ends, we receive the message in no cryptic terms: "Keep that thing away from your veins". Heavy. There is more relevance to the counterculture in that sentence than in the rumblings of previous years about aborted teenage romances and hot rods.

Cont. on 18

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BOB COPE

Before a serious illness forced Bob Cope out of active involvement in entertainment activities for over the last 1½ years, he had personally managed all rock concert promotions and presentations at the old Catacombs for Ames Productions, Inc. During that five year association with Ames, it is not an exaggeration to say that Bob introduced more innovations in rock concert presentations, and the most consistent presentation of nationally and world known rock acts than any other rock promoter in the history of Houston and the Southwest.

Now back in active rock promotion, Bob has tentatively planned several shows for the fall, which would again feature at least two well known acts, and tickets at a price that is fair to both the group and the promoter and the people as well.

And while it is quite easy and even common for Houston's multitude of rock promoters to make any type of claim of achievement for themselves, it is always difficult for most to substantiate some of the more energetic and eye opening statements. The following list was compiled from the records of Ames' rock concert presentations and that of the Catacombs, Inc. It is a random listing of just some of the rock acts that have been personally booked into Houston by Bob Cope from the period of September, 1967, up to date. Bob introduced most every act for the first time in Houston, and quite simply, the quality and quantity of the acts speak for the degree of contribution that Bob Cope has lent to Houston's music development.

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34. Mott the Hoople
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51. Sweetwater
52. Moby Grape
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LOCAL NOTES

Cont. from 15

The personnel of the group are all experienced musicians, and seem to thrive on each other. Lead singer Pete Bailey is a competent vocalist and lyricist, although some prefer to classify him for his exaggerated Jaggerisms that highlight the stage show. Pete was a member of the group Josefus, who recorded a couple of albums and acquired a large following, as well as a wild reputation. Bassist Ray Turner is another Josefus-ex, and is fond of flinging his huge self across the stage, as well as contributing the driving bass necessary for hard rock. Mike Long is the guitarist, and the ex-leader of Wolfgang has become a disciple of the late Jimi Hendrix, applying it to this style of music. Drummer Jerry Ontiberoz is small behind a thousand drums, but manages to contribute a steady beat.

StoneAxe! is not a group at the pinnacle of success. Their equipment leaves them much to be desired. Their music is changing, and wrinkles are getting ironed out. Like them or not, don't deny what they are. Without anything, they got it on. Keep an eye on them; there's more to come.

* * * * *

"Too Bad" b/w "Colorado Love Song" by Denim, on the Texas Revolution label.

Denim, the most country-oriented of Houston rock groups, has managed to come up with a smoothly recorded pair of sides, with the aid of producer Walt Andrus. Their electrified country sound threatens to break out in direct hard rock at several points in "Colorado Love Song," and a live set finds them escaping into definite guitar freak-out.

Lead guitarist Bill Browder joined the group after they had been together for quite a while, replacing Rick Rabou, who left to join the now defunct LaPaz. The group reputation had been acquired by their playing of tunes by Crosby, Stills & Nash, Poco and Buffalo Springfield. Browder's addition to the group brought a prolific songwriter as well as a competent lead guitarist. He wrote "Colorado Love Song," an addition to a majority of the group's repertoire.

Drummer David Moerbe is an excellent singer, and also plays drums. Rhythm player Paul Klaggett combined with Moerbe to write "Too Bad," a slick c&w hand clapper. Bass player Mike Anderson is the fourth member, furnishing the high voice in the four part harmony.

The warm, personal contact the group maintains in concerts has made them a favorite of many, and they have drawn favorable reviews from the establishment media in some instances. If they can convince the program directors at the big Houston AM radio stations who control the Top-40 market to play their record, it might give them a start on a national push.

* * * * *

StoneAxe! and Denim will both be playing in an all day rock concert on the beach at Galveston on Aug. 15. National recording artists Goose Creek Symphony will headline the show, dubbed as a "Rock and Roll Beach Party." Also to appear are Thursday's Children, Solar Mother and Saturnalia. The affair starts at 2 p.m., and will run until midnight. Advance tickets are on sale for \$3 at Houston Ticket Service and all Brook Mays stores, and will go for \$3.50 at the door. The location is the Grass Menagerie on Stewart Beach in Galveston. See you there.

* * * * *

English rock group Wishbone Ash comes in to the area week after next for three dates, two in Houston and one in Galveston.

Tuesday night finds them at the Grass Menagerie in Galveston for one show only. It will start at 8:30 p.m. and tickets are available in Galveston. An English rock group on the beach, under the stars.

They move on to Of Our Own on Wednesday and Thursday, co-sponsored by KLOL, for \$2 advance at the Rat Hole, Grass Hut and more to be announced later. Navasota will fill the bill on the Houston appearances.

Of Our Own will finish out the weekend on Friday and Saturday with StoneAxe! and a full feature length film, the original King Kong. The place is air-conditioned now, and has possibilities. Bring a blanket to sit on.

PROCOL HARUM



by Jim Shannon

Procol Harum became a household word for music fans back in 1967, when their big single "Whiter Shade of Pale" exploded on the market. That first record sold over four million copies world-wide, and to this day Procol Harum has not come close to touching that initial meteoric flash. At this point, it appears that they don't particularly want to.

Business hassles plagued the group from the start, with various managers and producers and whatever all trying to grab on to a "piece of the action," so to speak. Their first album, entitled *Procol Harum*, was finished shortly after "Whiter Shade of Pale" started to move. One result of these problems was the release of the album being held up for a year and a half. By the time it came out, its potential sales had markedly diminished.

The group followed up that first album with the work largely responsible for making them cult heroes among many young cultists. The album was *Shine On Brightly*, and there are friends of mine who still swear this is the finest album ever recorded by anybody, including the sacred Beatles. The music was at once futuristic and medieval, and thoroughly laced with surrealistic overtones.

In a period when musical trends pointed towards groovy psychedelia and whitened blues, they opted for dark, almost unbearably intense musical expressions of anguish. People listened, and word of Procol Harum continued to spread. Their reputation was chiefly underground, largely by design. Long album cuts didn't get played on the radio back when "In Held 'Twas In I" ran the 17 minute gamut. In concert there was no front man, no pelvis grinder to get the audience up on their chairs, only four men playing their music, singing the words of Keith Reid, the lyricist who travels with and is a member of the group.

Reid was introduced to Gary Brooker in London back in '66, and Brooker was intrigued by the work of the young writer. He sat down and set all of Reid's songs to music, forming the nucleus of the group that now, five years later, is the subject of this article.

Guitarist Robin Trower had played with Brooker in a teenage band, and was invited to join the group. He accepted, but there were going to be several years between then and the emergence of Trower as an important guitarist. Drummer B.J. Wilson moved on over from Lulu's group to fill the percussion slot. Bassist David Knights and organist Matthew Fisher joined the group, and remained until 1969, when they parted company. They were replaced by multi-instrumentalist Chris Copping, another holdover from Brooker's teenage band.

This opened up the music to unprecedented guitar work by Trower, and the first album with this new lineup was *Home*. Side one, Cut One is what I consider to be one of few classic tunes to emerge from pounding rock and roll in recent years, "Whiskey Train." If you attended last summer's concert in the Coliseum (Ten Years After and Procol Harum), you were no doubt electrified by the startling performance of this song. I hope they play it again this time.

Their record company (A&M) has greeted their latest album, *Broke, Barricades*, with a tremendous amount of hype, aiming for the mass-market appeal the group has yet to recapture. This may serve to turn a lot more people on to the music, or it may just get lost in the flow of similar promotions. I just don't want to go to the concert and see Trower come flying over his amplifier, breaking his guitar on the microphone stand, Brooker smashing his piano with a hammer, strobe lights, smoke bombs, etc. If it takes that to give them wide spread (i.e. Grand Funk) appeal, then forget it. I've still got five albums that mean Procol Harum to me, come what may. "After all, life is like a beanstalk, isn't it?"

FOOD

The Whole You

by Saundra Wrye

I wonder. Why are there so many drug stores, so many drugs? Why are the hospitals flowing over? Why have cancer and heart disease become the major killers since World War II? Why are there so many psychiatrists? Why so many mental hospitals? Why so few people happy? What is happiness?

A young woman talked to me recently and confessed that she just "wasn't into food." To which I was forced to reply that she must not be into herself.

Are people so sick they are afraid to admit that what they eat is causing much of the world's misery?

Watch television. Keep your eyes glued to the tube 'till the station says goodnight. Then you will know what *not* to eat. Everyone is so afraid that cigarettes cause cancer. The tobacco companies have been forced to stop their ads on TV. When are all products containing sugar or chemicals going to be banned from the media as cancer producing?

Why do doctors, urologists and mothers tell their patients and children to drink at least eight glasses of water a day? Are they speaking from the assumption that the kidneys are nothing more than cast-iron pipes? Have they forgotten (or did they never bother to find out) that the kidneys, in order to function properly, must be flexible and porous so that they can filter, diffuse and reabsorb?

If liquid is consumed in large quantities the minute openings in the semi-permeable kidney tissue decrease in size. These small openings are surrounded by spongy tissue that soaks up liquid and swells. So you end up with swollen, overworked, blocked kidneys. If doctors and mothers want you to be well, why do they tell you to drink-as-much-as-you-can?

Why do drugstores sell millions of dollars worth of vitamins each year? Is it not because of excessive sugar eating, which robs the liver and other



organs of their storehouses of Vitamin B and C, giving people serious vitamin deficiencies. Do they really think that synthetically produced vitamins will help?

Why do women eat meat? Don't they realize that it robs them of their natural femininity, making them more like cattle, dull and exploited? And if that doesn't seem to worry anybody pick up a copy of *The Poisons in Your Food* by William Longgood and read what is injected into meat before you cook it up!

Have people forgotten the traditional foods of man - whole and unexploited grains and vegetables? They are now sold as *luxuries* in health-food/vitamin parlours by criminals interested only in profit. When will man learn to love himself?

How can a bolted meal be completely digested? No wonder there are so many antacids and patent concoctions for indigestion! How many doctors tell their patients to chew each mouthful thoroughly, until the food is liquid,

before swallowing it? Try it.

Perhaps it is because I love people that I write these words. I admit that I am sentimental. (I am trying to overcome it, along with my arrogance.) Those people who are unhappy, or who are slaves to money or a job, and those who have the so-called incurable diseases, are all violators of the great order of the universe. They have made mistakes. But they have done so because they need it. *Everyone brings to himself exactly what he needs.*

Perhaps only the people who realize they are sick and can be made really well decide to *do it* by changing their diet. Anyone who believes that drugs can cure a disease is deluded. The drugs only kill the symptoms, and in the process, destroy the body. The *only way* that any sickness or disease can be cured is by changing the quality of the blood which nurtures that malady. The blood creates body cells and food becomes blood. That is so simple, and yet is too simple.

My husband and I used to go to a neighborhood grocery in Austin and buy all the things we ate as misguided children - beef roasts, pork chops, hershey bars, processed cheese, white bread, white flour, sugar and gallons of cow's milk. We were sick quite a bit. I think we were trying to become children again, to satisfy our infantile sensual tastes.

We discovered that we needed to mature, to grow into a simpler life, eating simpler food, not needing the complexities of the health center of the hospital. And we feel so much different. We look so much different. I think we are not the same: we've grown.

Please allow the change that is happening in you every second. Become the person you would like to be. Have the greatest dream for yourself, and keep on dreaming if your dream is ever fulfilled. Man is a microcosm of the universe. Don't fight it. The order of the universe is manifest in you. Allow it to be. Allow yourself to be.

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¡VENCEREMOS!

Houston Brigadistas Talk About Cuba...

(This is the second of two articles by Houston people who recently returned from the fourth Venceremos Brigade to Cuba. Last week's article was a general introduction about the work experience, camp life and travel in Cuba.)

We have vivid memories of our work in the cane fields of Cuba. Riding through the countryside in open-air trucks at 6:30 in the morning. Watching the sunrise on the way to the fields. Starting work each day when the fields were still wet with dew. Joy at the signal for our mid-morning *merienda* (snack) when we could stretch out on stacks of cane in the baking sun.

Climbing on the truck at the end of the day, feeling like we'd done something good and useful. Teaching our Cuban comrades country songs on the trucks and learning Cuban songs from them. Feeling a growing sense of solidarity between us as North Americans and the Cubans we worked with every day.

Cutting burned cane wasn't as hard as cutting green cane, which was done by the first two Brigades last year. Still, the long hours, the back bending, the blistered hands -- this was harder, more routine and more sustained work than many of us had ever done before.

We felt in our bones and muscles and heads that the regular, physical outdoor work was good for us. But we were not used to it, physically or mentally. Our experience in the United States has left us with a distaste for regular work because here it is associated with careerism, conformity, materialism, competitiveness and top-down hierarchical structures. We are not turned on by most of the types of work offered to us in the United States -- helping corporations make money, selling people things they don't need, or helping a giant military machine repress people from the Mekong Delta to Kent State University.

But in Cuba we were working for the people. The sugar cane we cut will be milled into refined sugar to feed the Cuban people as well as to exchange in foreign trade for other things which will raise the general standard of living -- not profits which will line the pockets of rich businessmen and politicians. This awareness of the different meaning of work under socialism involves quite a consciousness leap, and few of us made it completely. The headaches, upset stomachs, sprains, allergies, rashes and numerous other symptoms we developed in the fields were telling testimony to our physical and psychological unreadiness for hard work.

So our work taught us some things about ourselves, but also about Cuba, about socialism, about underdevelopment and about the everyday life of many workers and *campesinos*. Socialism in an underdeveloped country means work! Hard, physical muscle-work and the equally necessary mind-work of planning, coordinating, organizing. Socialism does not automatically solve the problems of economic underdevelopment. It merely creates a context in which solutions become possible.

Our seven weeks of field work gave us some feeling (not just an idea) of the daily experience of many Cubans -- as well as millions of other people in the underdeveloped world and some, such as migrant workers, right here in the United States. (It is possible to exaggerate this empathy -- four weeks of hard work obviously is not the same as a lifetime.)

The emphasis on work, on maxi-



Vietnamese and North American brigadistas in Cuban cane fields. Photo by Jerry Berndt, Red Star.



Campesino at sugar mill near Brigade camp. Photo by Kyle Steenland

Venceremos

All the peoples of the world are brothers and sisters. Our freedom will never be total freedom, as long as all other nations are not free. Cuba's victories will not be Cuba's alone, but victories of the revolutionary movement, example for all the underdeveloped countries of the world, the solution and the path for all those who are hungry, miserable, underdeveloped, and exploited. They attack us, they attack us much more because we show what all peoples can be.

-- Che/Fidel, Cuba Si !

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-- Aron Laub
Second Venceremos Brigade

zing production, pervades every phase of the Revolution, and should always be kept in mind in any analysis of the Revolution's record. Some examples:

(1) A constant theme in all levels of Cuban education is that the student must be brought into contact with production and technical things. The Cuban ideal of "integral education" combines work, technical study and ideological development.

(2) The emphasis on production has significantly changed the position of Cuban women. Although the Revolution has not attacked the old Latin double standard head-on, it has attempted to make women fully productive members of society by opening to them many new educational, work and political opportunities. Universal free day care centers, maternity leave, equal pay for equal work and other policies provide positive encouragement for women to take advantage of these new opportunities. Many women work in the fields, but also 50% of Cuban doctors are now women.

(3) Finally, the emphasis on production -- combined with a severe labor shortage and the Revolution's humanitarian desire to free people from shitty work -- means full speed ahead on automation. The recently invented Henderson Harvester, a product of Cuban technology and ingenuity, is expected to mechanize 2/3 of the cane *zafra* within the decade, liberating thousands of Cubans from millions of hours of backbreaking work, and freeing them for work in other sectors of the economy.

The fact that the Revolution has released and channeled a tremendous amount of energy among the Cuban people doesn't mean that they didn't work hard before the Revolution, in capitalist Cuba. They did -- when they could -- when their labor was needed by the rich North American and Cuban landowners and capitalists who controlled the Cuban economy and saw it as a means of enriching themselves.

During the *zafra*, (harvest) the *campesinos* worked for 12, 14, 16 hours a day for subsistence wages, creating sugar profits which wound up in New York banks, paid for the high living of the Havana bourgeoisie, or greased the palms of politicians in the incredibly corrupt Batista dictatorship. After the *zafra* ended, the *campesinos* were likely to be without any work at all for half the year, creating mass unemployment and depressed living conditions in the countryside.

Now, the wealth Cuba's workers create comes back to them in the form of free medical care, free education, better housing at lower rents or none at all (rents have already been abolished in much of the country's housing, may not exceed 10% of the occupant's earnings in the rest, and are scheduled to be abolished nationwide in the near future), free telephone service, cheap mass transportation and guaranteed food rations. Or it is plowed back into the economy in the form of dams, factories, machines or other long-term investments which will yield even greater benefits to their children and grandchildren.

Not surprisingly, this removal has created a work absenteeism problem. "Ausentismo baja la produccion" (Absenteeism lowers production), read many billboards throughout Cuba, and this has been the theme of several speeches by Fidel. Workers' councils and mass organizations are being urged to struggle with the problem at the grass roots, investigate the reasons in

cases of high absenteeism and criticize absentee workers.

A new law against absenteeism was just approved by these workers' councils while we were in Cuba. The law was considered a shining example of people's legislation, since the workers themselves drafted the law and spent weeks discussing and amending it around the country. The law requires that men over the age of 17 (who are not studying or in the military) find regular work.

Although the workers would have approved stronger penalties, the Revolutionary leadership -- who saw the law not as a repressive measure, but rather as a tool with which to educate the people to their socialist responsibilities -- suggested that general punishments would be finding the offender a job, and in cases of extreme absenteeism the offender would be sent to a rehabilitative work camp for no longer than six months. In the two months we were in Cuba over 100,000 workers found jobs and only a half dozen were punished under the law.

In this year's July 26 speech, commemorating the attack on the Moncada barracks by Fidel and his guerrilla troops in 1953, Fidel spoke about the year's achievements in socialist democracy. He said that during the year elections were held for officers of 35,000 trade union locals. The absenteeism law was discussed in an effective 115,000 assemblies and work centers by more than 3 million people before it was passed.

At the same time 11,000 workers' councils were elected by the workers from among their own ranks. These councils acted as courts in matters of labor law and workers' grievances.

In the long run, the Revolution is relying on nothing less than a radically new consciousness, a New Man, who will spontaneously and selflessly work for the good of all. And the Revolution is consciously and explicitly trying, on many levels, to create this consciousness -- as well as the material pre-conditions for it.

The Cuban prime minister, in discussing the year's economic performance, said that because of the concentration on sugar production during the 1970 harvest, production in both agriculture and industry had declined. The people were told that consumer goods like textiles, shoes, soap, salt, refrigerators, canned milk and beer (the 75 million-bottle increase drew a big cheer) showed production increases. Cement production and cargo transport had also gone up.

Fidel said that the "schools in the countryside" would play an increasing role during the 1970s. These schools, of which there are now five, are built

in agricultural areas. Fulltime boarding students work three hours a day in the fields and spend the rest of the day in study and recreation. This kind of school, "the pride of Cuba," Fidel said led them, are in line with the pedagogical principles of combining work and study.

As for sugar production, Fidel told how in the spring of 1970 the planting of new cane fell off because of concentration on the harvest itself. This, followed by the drought, had a negative effect on this year's crop which did not quite meet 6 million tons. He also said that some of the technical renovations which should have been ready last year in the sugar mills are still not complete.

Fidel mentioned the objective difficulties brought about by the continuation of the American blockade. He said that as a current example the sale of nickel to hard-currency countries had been made difficult because of U.S. pressure on these countries

Expressing the Cuban spirit of internationalism, Cuba's representative to the United Nations commemorated July 26 by introducing a proposal that the General Assembly take up the subject of the independence of Puerto Rico as an unsolved colonial question.

* * * * *

One lesson we had pounded into our heads by both Cubans and the Viet-

namese comrades who spent a week living and cutting with us, was the absolute necessity for unity among the various factions of our movement at home. The Vietnamese especially brought this reality home for us with a description of the structure of their National Liberation Front, a genuine coalition of political groups -- from nationalists to Buddhists to socialists -- that administers the liberated zones of South Vietnam.

The key to this kind of solidarity, we learned, is an understanding and respect for each other's struggle, based on a real sensitivity to another's culture and problems. We found out how political and personal differences within our brigades could ruin morale, could make us want to sleep in on work days, could hurt our production. Hassles over gay liberation, women's liberation and racism made it painfully clear how much we had to learn from the Cubans about making criticism and self-criticism and about living our ideal of collectively.

Most of us, after coming back from Cuba, will probably return to the way we used to live. It's not an easy thing to change your way of life completely, to transform your feelings about physical work.

But after a few months, people are going to start thinking about the meaning of the work they're doing in terms of what they learned from the Cubans -- that is, about thinking in a collective way, about understanding struggle and internationalism. They'll be asking themselves if they're really making a contribution toward destroying American imperialism and building a revolution in this country.

They'll know that internationalism isn't just a slogan. It doesn't mean just putting "Support the PRG" at the bottom of a leaflet. Internationalism can only mean that we're all in the same struggle. It's doing it. It's understanding that the Cubans and the Vietnamese feel unity because they're both struggling against U.S. imperialism. Support and unity cannot be abstract. It means doing it when you get back.

-- Houston Venceremos Brigade Contingent

Several Houston people have just returned from Cuba, where we worked with other North Americans in the fourth Venceremos Brigade. We worked seven weeks in the cane fields of Havana province, and then were given a two-week tour of Cuba which took us from Havana in the west to Santiago de Cuba in the East. We are available to talk to classes, clubs, conventions, or informal groups about our experiences and observations in the First Free Territory of the Americas. Write Venceremos, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004, or call 526-6257.

¿Como en Vietnam?

Cuban internationalism is not rhetorical or superficial. The Cubans feel a most tangible connection between their situation and the rest of the Third World. On the news on TV tonight there were pictures of Bolivia, of the high-rise slums of La Paz, statistics on the rate of illiteracy and malnutrition there, etc. The Cubans watching were almost literally "up in arms," exclaiming, hitting each other on the back, shaking their heads. Impromptu discussions started right in front of the TV. Before the Revolution most of these men probably wouldn't have been able to tell even where La Paz was.

I'm also sure that before the Revolution nobody knew where Vietnam was, nor could have cared less. Tonight's ceremony and celebration in the new town-dairy center of Ben Tre -- named after one of the first liberated South Vietnamese villages attacked by North American bombs -- is a real measure of the feelings of brotherhood that have been inculcated by the Revolution: if imperialism destroys a village in one country we will build a new one in another.

At the entrance to the village is a huge, very simple white alabaster statue of an armed guerrilla protecting a peasant woman feeding an antelope. And a huge billboard in psychedelic colors celebrating the ninth anniversary of the founding of the NLF. It all seems very natural here; can you imagine a new city in Indiana named Hiroshima?

When the Vietnamese students arrive, we all try to talk to them in broken French, Spanish and English. They teach us a few words in their weird chatter: "Vietnam will win." The tiny Cuban children are wandering around exhausted and wide-eyed, staring at the freaking North Americans and quiet Asians in their new international village.

After the speeches we begin a fifteen-minute pilgrimage down a gravel trail which winds up the side of a nearby hill overlooking the village. On either side we pass rows of lit torches of bamboo. Below we can barely make out the new houses in the darkness. No one knows what to expect. Then all of a sudden all hell breaks loose. Blaring electronic music, colored lights, the story of Ben Tre being acted out below us by scores of actors and dancers. To one side on an enormous screen like at a drive-in movie are projected films of the fighting, Marines, torture, then the building of a new society. Scores of bamboo-hatted women dance to Vietnamese poetry. Soldiers appear on top of the houses, to defend the new village. Death to the invader! The village lights up. The sky is a-blaze with fireworks and with deafening music. The village lives! It reminds me of pictures I've seen of pageantry in Communist China. Theater really connected to your life and ideals, not stuck away somewhere in some auditorium. One of the most thrilling performances I've ever seen.

The second act is a midnight tour of the village. All brand-new and smelling of fresh paint. New appliances and child-care centers, spanking new shops and playgrounds. Everyone inviting us in to inspect their new free homes. The Cubans don't believe in the Stalinist "Socialism in one country" -- that's clear. Ben Tre and Internationalism!

—Anonymous


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HUMAN CARGO

Until noon of the next day I hid in a ravine then followed the road back to the border village. It was full of adobe huts clustered around two gigantic cathedrals. Sunlight reflected off their golden domes like flame.

The people had distrust stamped on their faces and watched me closely.

Near the customs yard, I asked a passerby what was required to cross the border. He explained that if I were not a citizen of the other land, many papers were necessary. He said that if I had money he would see to it that I got across.

I was wary but followed him to a garage. Worn tires lined the wall, and there were holes in the tin roof. I was told to sit on a bench and wait with some others.

The men next to me had dark creases in their faces and whispered in a language that I did not understand. They cracked their knobby knuckles and rolled cigarettes. At nightfall many more arrived and were made to squat on the floor.

I was sore from sitting and needed to empty my bladder. When I approached the door, a fat man with a shotgun under his arm shook his head. When I attempted to make clear my need, he slapped the side of my skull with the barrel.

My ear rang as if I were under a hundred fathoms of water, and the pain staggered me.

An old man with a pepper and salt beard made room for me on the floor, gesturing that I was to be silent. I put my head between my knees and went into shock.

Just before dawn we were lined against the wall as if about to be executed. While the shotgun guard looked on, his partner came down the line with a flashlight.

When the beam hit my eyes, I squinted. He had taken money from all the others, so I gave him what I had received at the casino. He counted it out and growled something. I stood silent.

"Don't dummy up on me, grape picker," he said, tapping the heavy tube against his palm, "or maybe I'll knock some of those beans right out of your belly!"

As he cocked his arm to bash me, the old man intervened. Holding his hat in his hands, he spoke rapidly and apologetically. The fellow with the flashlight finally shoved him aside and went on down the line.

A truck with a silver trailer backed into the garage. Its exhaust was smoky, and we coughed as we were herded aboard. The old man tugged me to the front, where wooden slats gave us some spring against the packing.

The pressure came from all sides, hot bodies and a wall. When the doors were slammed and bolted, we were in total darkness. The air became stuffy at once.

The muffler roared and we moved forward. Every swerve and bump would shift our center of gravity and create mass agony. The slightest braking crushed the wind from all.

Men were groaning. Some passed out. Fortunately it was difficult to fall to the floor because of the lack of space. Those that did were trampled.

As we traveled, conditions became worse. The sun heated the sides of the trailer until they were hot to the touch, and the air thickened to a poisonous dioxide. Soft moanings continued, though most of the trapped had fallen into a breathless half sleep.



The old man was doing well and slipped me a canteen under his shirt. The water was salvation, bringing even the air to life. I would like to have offered it to those around me, but they were too many, and to show it would have caused a stampede.

Time came to be measured in breaths drawn. Inhale ... Exhale ... Inhale ... Exhale ... Each set was a victory: a momentary battle that life won against eternity.

After what must have been hundreds of miles, the truck stopped. We heard the cabin doors slam, and the drivers talking and laughing, but they did not set us free.

Everyone was silent, fearing that the border authorities were checking the truck. But we had been moving for so long!

The temperature went up rapidly, and all circulation of air ceased. We had been left in an oven to bake and suffocate.

Panic started. Screaming and shouting filled the overstuffed sarcophagus. In the frenzy to push open the doors, the men near the back were crushed to death. Despite the force, there was no exit. Whines, pleas, and prayers were using up the last of the oxygen, and no help came.

Like a magician the old man produced a hunt-

ing knife. He passed it to me and pointed at the roof. I scaled the slats. The men below braced me as I hammered the blade through the metal. They cheered at the first ray of light.

I cut a circular hole the size of an artillery shell. It did not alleviate the heat but let in enough air to keep us from smothering. As some of the workers were in critical condition, I yelled for help.

Before long, the back doors were opened by a butcher. The truck had been parked next to his shop. Quite surprised at the swarm of desperate men he unleashed, he went to telephone for ambulances. Under the circumstances it was certain that the police would accompany them.

The old man was as cautious as I, and we separated ourselves from the senseless immigrants as quickly as possible. We made our way down the highway and hid behind an inn.

Through a window we could see the shotgun guard and his partner drinking wine, dancing and carousing with a pair of women, taking turns using the bed.

We stayed there past sunset. The old man's eyes were like a falcon's, never seeming to blink. I was tired and wanted to go, but he fastened a claw-like grip on my arm.

The stars were out when the smugglers came outside, staggering, trying to hitch up their pants. The one who had slapped me with the shotgun paused to vomit in a ditch. As he did, the old man ran the knife over his throat like a violinist drawing a bow over strings, and the cadaver toppled forward into a mass of retch and blood.

The other tried to run, but the old man was too swift and severed his jugular in a neat fashion. He took the money from their wallets and returned what had been taken from me. Holding the bills, he made motions in the direction of the migrant workers.

I wished him luck and set off. Down the road I found an empty drainage pipe and slept in it.

CINEMA

I awakened on the outskirts of a large city. It was surrounded by stark mountains with enormous power lines running over them. The soil was dry and rocky, and except in artificially watered areas, only scrub brush grew from it.

The people on the streets wore fresh suits and dresses, and my shabbiness was drawing stares. At the main shopping area two young boys pointed at me and laughed. I was afraid the police might become suspicious of me and wanted to hide until dark.

Down the block was a theater marquee. There was a long title, then the word *foreign*. I knew it would be dim inside and that I could stay for as many showings as I wished. A girl in a glass booth sold me a ticket.

In the lobby I bought quite a bit of popcorn and candy, being too hungry to be choosy.

There were less than a dozen people in the audience -- all male. To be inconspicuous I took a seat near the back. Settled, I noticed that a bullet-headed man had turned and was staring hatefully at me, his teeth gritted like a dog's. I did not know what rule I had broken and was frightened. At last, however, he turned away.

A newsreel began. There were pictures of bombers dropping their loads and fighter plane combat. Patriotic music was blaring from hidden speakers.

I thought of my great-uncle with his long gray beard, of the days he spent in his rocking chair at the leprosarium. Though his illness had been hopeless, he was always quick with his toothless smile. One afternoon he was killed in an air raid.

As the credits for the main feature came on, the man who had glared at me squirmed in his seat. He kept swiveling his bullet head around, shooting hostile stares at everyone in the auditorium. I ceased paying attention to him when the movie started.

The film was of an avant garde style. A piano concerto was playing as a man and a woman danced forth from a swirl of color. Their ballet was so gracefully light, that they were like wisps of fog. The gentleness of their movements seemed to radiate the love they felt for each other.

I was completely absorbed by their supple motions, and it was quite some time before I realized they were nude. They were so sensitively attuned, the ballerina and her escort, that they seemed as delicate as butterflies on the wing.

They danced and danced and danced, and, as images in a dream, they joined in sexual union. They surged and swayed like a field of grass in the wind, and their eroticism seemed to capture the essence of everything living. They drew the mystery of motion and life into the web of art.

During the most intensive part of the scene, the bullet-headed man went down the aisle and through a curtain. As a door opened, a rectangle

of daylight appeared at the lower corner of the screen. Outlined, the man had become part of the film.

He raised his arm and shook his fist. "Filthy perverts!" he shouted, as the lovers shimmered in romantic splendor. After setting a match to a fuse he ran out the door.

There were sparks and hissing just before a horrendous thunderclap tore the lovers off the screen and turned the arena into an inferno.

Though stunned by the explosion, I crawled through the smoke to an exit. Dazed and numb, I lay among the debris in an alleyway. People were gathering, and sirens shrieked in the distance.

Staggering to my feet, I held onto a wall, circled the adjacent building, and came out behind the crowd.

The sunlight was very bright and made my head and eyes ache. The rest of my body felt bloodless. I stayed on my feet only from force of habit, the gentle images of the lovers lingering in my mind.

In front of another theater photographs advertised the current movie. On one of the glossy

squares a villain was grinning wickedly. One of his hands was squeezing a crying woman's neck; holding a knife with the other, he was carving off one of her breasts.

As I stood there, the show ended. Without molestation hundreds of men, women, and children emptied onto the street.

I followed some of them onto a bus and rode to the end of the line.

RESERVATION

When the bus stopped, I did not want to get off, I wanted to go in safe, known circles for the rest of my life, but it could not be; the driver's eyes were too threatening, and my body sensed too much pain when it was still.

The wind was blowing hot red sand from the desert. I stood in front of an abandoned filling station, listening to its faded sign creaking like the rigging of a ship.

The sun was setting as someone in a battered station wagon asked if I were going to the reservation. Since it was in the right direction, I said yes.

Red Eagle's skin had the same brickish hue as the land. He was slightly younger than I, and talked incessantly about his relatives and their past. Though I comprehended little of it, from his smile I felt that he was a gentle person.

As we wound around a mountain road, the air became chill. Stars were out as we leveled out on a plateau, and the Milky Way was wrapped around the heaven like a jeweled sash. Ahead of us, village lights twinkled.

We stopped at one of the tin huts and went inside. The place was bare, but Red Eagle's sister made it warm and alive. She was a Princess with raven hair, a stormless complexion, and large eyes that seemed to tow me into their limpidness.

I was so taken by her, that I stared until she blushed. Red Eagle joked about his sister's shyness, saying that she was always too busy for boys, too busy educating other people's children and working for the tribe.

She was very patient with him and made no fuss about warming his dinner and setting an extra plate for me. Though I knew that romantic thoughts were hopeless for me until I reached freedom, watching her, I could not surprise them.

She felt the waves, and our gazes kept meeting. Turning away, we would both smile and try to concentrate on our suppers.

Red Eagle chided us for our bashfulness. "Life is too short for it," he insisted. After the dishes were done, he went to sleep.

The Princess and I were left alone to talk by candlelight. I trusted her and told of my journey. She was carried along with the scenes and seemed to experience the emotions that went with them. Her attentiveness drew me out, and I spoke from the center of my spirit.

A force field seemed to grow up around us, shutting out the outside world, fusing us into a single entity. Though our lips moved, the conversation was telepathic, and we both understood all.

We lay on a blanket on the floor, our dreams as intertwined as our fingers. Love came skipping and laughing through open fields, swimming in crystal springs, splashing and frolicking in the depths.

In the morning I awakened fresh and alert. The Princess cooked a breakfast of eggs, ham, and potatoes, and I ate two platefuls. She smiled at my hunger and said that after a year of marriage I would be as plump as a Christmas pheasant.

She made me so happy that all thoughts of the past and of the future fled my mind. It was the present, and we were together, and that was all that mattered.

When the Princess went to do her day's work, Red Eagle insisted that he and I go to town to celebrate. Though I agreed, I was hesitant to be any distance from the Princess. The peak we had reached was so lofty, that fear of the abyss below stirred deep within me. I had learned the danger of change, of its cruel finality.

Red Eagle was happy to have a new male in the family. He said that his sister and I were perfect for each other because the way we stared into each other's eyes made us look like a pair of book ends.

On the way he drank can after can of beer from an ice chest, insisting that I keep up. I tried, but after two I became lightheaded and began pouring them out the window.

Near town he drove the station wagon to a riverbed. Some of his friends sat in the wash, drinking and talking. When he introduced me as "brother-in-law," they slapped me on the back and shook my hand.

They chattered above the din of a portable radio and drank more and more. I felt alone and

wanted to get back to my Princess, but Red Eagle was on a party.

By late afternoon nearly all of the men had passed out. They lay on the ground, snorting and belching. Though Red Eagle was still going strong, the silence of his cronies made him morose. He put his arm over my shoulders and told me of his past.

He had been the solo eagle dancer for seven years, the most talented and sought-after brave in the tribe. Women going from city to city had stopped at the reservation to watch him perform in his bells and red feathers.

The memory made him snap his fingers and clap. To the rhythm of a lost drummer, he danced, shuffling and skipping, making the cry of a soaring bird. After a few whirls he was exhausted and fell down.

Panting, he said that after the women had seen him, they could never quite lose the image of him, never quite feel the same about their husbands. But he was retired at twenty-two, and his army service had given him a taste for alcohol.

He threw the beer can down the arroyo, then buried his face in his arms for some time.

Homeward bound, his steering was unsteady, but he compensated by going slowly. As the night swam by, I could think only of my Princess.

As we approached the reservation, the noise of angrily buzzing hornets came from behind us. Through the back window I saw a squadron of moving lights. There seemed to be hundreds, many of them weaving back and forth madly.

They were closing fast, and I told Red Eagle to hurry. The car shimmered and sent out a cloud of smoke as we speeded up, but the gain was soon lost.

The first rider to pull even with us was all in black: black helmet, black jacket, black pants, and black boots. He was like a monstrous centaur with a motorcycle for a body.

Other Mars-like beings quickly joined him, and we were soon in the midst of a swarm of them, surrounded. I hoped that they would let us be, but they did not.

The attack began when a bottle crashed against the wind shield, and a spiderweb appeared through a shower of powdered glass.

One of the night riders was twirling a chain over his head, and when he whipped his wrist, it bit into the side window like the teeth of a piranha. There was a deluge of glass.

A headlight was smashed out with a crowbar. The car was beaten and buffeted and bent and clattered like a can being kicked along a gutter.

Red Eagle tried to fight back, swerving to force the lead cyclist off the road. The rider was too quick, however, and for revenge jammed an iron bar into the radiator.

Steam poured out from under the hood, and blinded, we ran into a ditch. When we had finally spun to a stop, I could see the wolfpack making for the village. It made me frantic!

The door had been wedged shut, and I had to force it with my shoulder. Slivers of glass cut into me, but I could barely feel them.

I ran, blowing white breaths into the night. Red Eagle was somewhere behind, but I had no time to look back. It was so far!

I heard screaming, the screaming of women and girls. We had set an ambush, and an Enemy column was passing on the road. We opened fire, killing several and escaping unscathed. There was a hamlet nearby, neutral, but for retaliation, the Enemy soldiers had raped its females, some of whom were as young as three. The victims had been executed afterward, their heads chopped off and planted on stakes. The Enemy radio had claimed the action as a great victory and had bragged of its leaders being decorated.

Tripping, I tore my palms but got up and ran on to my Princess. If only my legs would go faster! My Princess! Tears were streaming down my cheeks. My Princess! What are they doing to you!

As I stumbled into the village, the cyclists' red tail lights were growing smaller in the distance. When the thunder of their engines died, there remained only sobbing and moaning. Women were clutching at their bodies, shrieking.

The Princess lay next to a well, her huge eyes opened to the heavens. Her arms were at her sides, and a pool of blood had formed between her legs. I folded down her skirt and put my hand on her heart. It was not beating.

A woman with the face of a crow shouted and hit me with a pan. Others ran toward me holding knives and skillets. There was no way to explain. The night was my only protection, and I ran until it engulfed me.

(to be continued)



Angela Defense Challenges Grand Jury

SAN RAFAEL, Calif. - Acting as her own attorney much of the time, Angela Davis attempted to put the grand jury which indicted her for conspiracy to murder on trial here last week.

Angela's defense attorney, Howard Moore, Jr., made a pre-trial motion that the grand jurors be brought before the court and questioned about their backgrounds and beliefs. The defense is contending that the 19 jurors who indicted her for murder last October are not Miss Davis' peers or representative of the population, and that blacks the young and the poor were systematically excluded from the grand jury.

Moore said that he was trying to prove that the grand jury was acting as "an appendage of the prosecution and an arm of oppression" when it indicted her.

Earlier in the week, Angela had led the questioning of the Marin County judges who nominated the panel from which the grand jury was selected. One of them, Superior Court Judge Thomas Keating, 66, admitted he would never consider a Black Panther or a communist for a grand jury.

Prosecutor Albert Harris labeled the motion to question the grand jurors "outrageous," and said that if it were allowed, "it would create a precedent that would make it impossible to get grand juries in the future."

Brass Backs Down

After two months of harassment, the Pentagon has decided to drop charges against GI antiwar activist Ed Jurena. Jurena was an antiwar activist before he was drafted and could see no reason why he shouldn't continue to oppose the war, even though caught in the machine.

Pvt. Jurena and other antiwar GI's who were stationed at Ft. Greely, Alaska, decided to publish their opinions on the war and the Brass in their own antiwar newspaper, Arctic Arsenal. On May 20, the papers arrived

from the printer. On May 21, Ed was pulled from the shower by the head of the post's CID (Criminal Investigation Division) and told that his locker was to be searched.

The CID then confiscated source materials, personal letters, political newspapers, magazines, address books and stamped and sealed envelopes containing copies of Arctic Arsenal which were to be sent to other GI antiwar organizations.

The CID violated Army regulations when they refused to give Ed a receipt for what they took. The CID also used wiretaps and other electronic surveillance devices to gather its evidence.

Jurena was charged with disrespect to an officer, disobeying a lawful order and conduct impairing the loyalty, discipline and morale of the Army (Articles 89, 92, and 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice). The GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee took the case and organized a national campaign to expose the Army for what it really is. The campaign centered on getting petitions of support signed and getting the defense endorsed by prominent persons and groups.

Several senators and congressmen told the Army to get off Jurena's back; the National Peace Action Coalition gave the defense full support and the Berkeley, Calif., city council passed a resolution in support of the civil rights of GI's.

Jurena has been transferred to the Presidio in the Bay Area where he will continue to expose the Army Brass and what they are up to in Vietnam. The Arctic Arsenal is still alive at Ft. Greely. Statements of support can be sent to:

ARCTIC ARSENAL
P.O. Box 312
Delta Junction, Alaska 99737

House Nays Arms Aid

WASHINGTON, D.C. - Last week, 13 Pakistanis in their country's embassy to the United States resigned because of the independence movement in East Pakistan, and declared their allegiance to Bangla Desh, the name adopted for East Pakistan by liberation forces there.

Also last week, the House voted not to send any more military aid to the government of West Pakistan until they cease the military occupation of the eastern part of the country. On the same day, 50 demonstrators doing guerrilla theater outside the White House condemned President Nixon as a "merchant of death" and charged that the U.S. exports death throughout the world through arms shipments.

Blacks Boycott Bud

NEWARK, N.J. - A group called the Black Brewery Workers, in cooperation with other groups, including Operation Breadbasket, is calling for a nationwide boycott of Budweiser Beer, according to The Militant. A statement from the group reads in part,

"Anheuser-Busch is the largest brewer in the country (with its second largest plant located in Newark), yet it employs less than 1% of the Black and

Puerto Rican community, most of which are not regular employees. No one can use the Black and Puerto Rican community this way."

"Since April, 1971, the State Division of the Civil Rights has been investigating the discriminatory practices of Anheuser-Busch, in public hearings. Several brothers who have testified at these public hearings have been fired for some flimsy reason. Those who are still with Anheuser-Busch are subjected to undue mental and physical harassment."

The black workers are demanding the rehiring of the fired men, that all Black workers be put on regular salary, and that the Anheuser-Busch plant conform its hiring policy to the fact that 75% of Newark's population is Black and Puerto Rican. They report that many stores and bars across the country have joined their boycott.

Tijerina Freed

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. - Reies Lopez Tijerina, the fiery Baptist minister who founded the Chicano land grant movement in the northern counties of New Mexico, was freed by federal marshals on July 26 from Leavenworth Penitentiary after two years of imprisonment.

Tijerina and his organization, the Alianza Federal de Mercedes (Federal Alliance of Land Grants), claim that much of what is now the Kit Carson National Forest in New Mexico was stolen by the U.S. government without proper payment from the Chicano families who owned the land by virtue of Spanish land grants. Alianzistas have led various attempts in the last four years to reclaim that land to be occupied communally by the Chicano population (as it was before the Anglos arrived). The Alianza has also led struggles to make New Mexico's public schools bilingual.

Tijerina was convicted for allegedly "aiding and abetting an assault" on a forest ranger during a 1969 demonstration. He is still facing two to 10 years in prison for his part in the "raid" on the courthouse in Tierra Amarilla, N.M., in 1967, when Alianzistas attempted to make a citizens arrest of a U.S. attorney who had illegally prevented an Alianza meeting in Coyote, N.M. Probation officers have illegally prevented him from holding any office in the Alianza.

South Vietnam Election: Thieu Much!

SAIGON - The field in South Vietnam's free and democratic presidential elections may have been narrowed last week to one candidate - incumbent President Nguyen Van Thieu.

South Vietnam's Supreme Court disqualified Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky as a candidate for the Oct. 3 elections last Thursday because 39 of his 102 endorsements from district representatives were duplicates of endorsements for Thieu. An election law passed a few months ago requires the signatures of 100 district representatives in order to get on the ballot. The representatives are all appointed by the President - Thieu.

A third possible candidate, retired general Doung Van Minh ("big Minh"), repeated his threat to withdraw from the race and leave Thieu the only candidate. Minh, who favors negotiations with the NLF, said reports from the countryside showed that his campaign workers "have been kept under surveillance and terrorized."

Minh, who has alluded to the possibility of a popular uprising or coup if the Presidential elections are not free and fair, also said, "The elections have not been clean from the start. Because of this situation, we feel it is necessary to reconsider our candidacy."

The United States embassy in Vietnam is very uptight, because they would like to have at least two candidates to make things look straight. One embassy official said last week that a one man presidential race would be a "colossal farce."

Ky has eight days in which to appeal the court's decision.

Don't Buy Here and Save!

It appears that the safest course to follow politically is not to buy anything until you have checked a boycott list. Among the items on the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee and the AFL-CIO boycott list are the following:

Cigarettes - R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. - Camels, Winston, Salem, Tempo, Brandon, Doral and Cavalier.

Clothing - Reidbord Brothers Co., Siegel (H.I.S. brand) suits and sports jackets, Kayne boyswear, Richman Brothers men's clothing, Sewell suits, Wing shirts, Metro Pants Co., Diplomat Pajamas by Fortex Mfg. Co.

Caskets - Capitol City Casket Company (United Furniture Workers).

Furniture - Economy Furniture: Bilt-Rite, Western Provincial and Smithtown Maple. (Upholsterers.)

Liquors - Italian Swiss Colony Wine, Smirnoff Vodka, Don Q. Rum, Hamm's beer, Snap E Tom tomato cocktail, Stitzel-Weller Distilleries products: Old Fitzgerald, Cabin Still, Old Elk, W.L. Weller.

Printing - Kingsport Press: World Book Childcraft, Britannica Junior Encyclopedia.

Ranges - Magic Chef, Pan Pacific Division.

Shoes - Penobscot Shoe Co.: Oldmaine Trotters, Trampeze, Maine Aires, Maine Streeters, Puzzyfoots, Cavaliers; Genesco Shoe Mfg. Co.; work shoes: Sentry, Cedar Chest and Staier; men's shoes: Jarman, Johnson & Murphy, Crestworth.

Toys - Fisher-Price toys (Doll & Toy Workers Union).

Food - Non-union grapes, non-union lettuce, Colonel Sanders Fried Chicken, Al Steak Sauce, Ortega Sauces and chilies, Puppon mustard, Frito-Lay products.

Hopi on Legal Warpath

Native Americans from several tribes are challenging new pollution dangers in the "Four Corners" area where Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Color-

ado meet, according to *The Militant*.

This area, one of the last remaining "wide open spaces," is slated as the site for six giant power plants. The first is already in operation and is emitting 250 tons of soot a day. In addition, strip mining is being planned in the area to provide coal for the plants.

The Hopi tribe, through the Native American Rights Fund, has filed suit in federal district court to overturn an agreement which gives the Peabody Coal Co., a subsidiary of Kennecott Copper, the right to strip mine the area. They claim that government agencies applied undue pressure to force the tribe's agreement.

A group of five Navajos, representing a reservation of 120,000 in the same area, has filed suit demanding the government close down the Four Corners plant because of the air pollution.

News Shorts

THE NEW YORK TIMES reports that Nixon's communications secretary, Herb Klein, is studying plans for news censorship that the Administration can institute in a "national emergency." If Nixon died and Spiro took over, would that be a national emergency?

* * *

IF YOU SOMETIMES suspect that some New York Times stories have been written by reporters who were on the nod at their typewriters, you can rest assured. The Times conducts a regular check of its employees' urine to detect drug use.

* * *

A SENATE VOTE of 37-36 passed an amendment to increase the pension of former presidents from \$25,000 a year to at least \$60,000. Nixon is to be the first beneficiary. This disregards the fact that the Constitution says (Article 2, Section 1), "The President shall ... receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall be elected."

* * *

WAS IT Martin Luther King who said, "Hypocrisy, dishonesty, hatred—all of these must be destroyed and men must rule by love, charity and mercy?" No, it was his nemesis, J. Edgar Hoover (in his ironically-titled book *Masters of Deceit*, 1958.)

* * *

BUT THEN it was also Hoover who said in 1949, "The FBI does not, has not, and never will as long as I am director, investigate political views."

* * *

I DON'T often quote the Bible, but I do sometimes reflect on Ephesians 6: 12: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Mayday Conference

"Gathering of All Tribes"

A group of about 30 Mayday people from Texas and Arkansas camped out on a beautiful piece of land in the Arkansas mountains the weekend of July 31—Aug. 1. We had gathered for what was to have been a Southern Regional meeting of Mayday "tribes," to get our shit together prior to this week's major national "Gathering of All Tribes" in Atlanta.

The gathering was not an unqualified success. It was a groove being there with all the folks, and there was a really superb swimmin' hole where we spent a lot of time. But none of the political discussion or planning really got off the ground.

There are some good things about a "conference" which isn't so heavy. For one thing, straight men were able Saturday night to sit around the campfire and rap out their feelings about sexism, gay liberation, their roles as "heavies" in the Movement, and stuff like that. The discussion left most people unsatisfied, but it seemed to me that the talk was more important than the things movement men usually pontificate about; two Gay brothers from Dallas provided a lot of help in the process of unfolding our feelings and fears.

On Sunday, we had our one and only formal strategy session. Various plans for local, regional and national actions (and combinations of actions) were kicked around, but concrete planning was deferred until Atlanta, leaving the participants merely with a sense of where the other people at the conference "were at."

The Atlanta gatherings, Aug. 10-17, promise to be very important to the future of Mayday. They may determine whether Mayday will grow as a viable political expression of people's growing outrage with this monstrous country, or will collapse leaving a political void similar to that left by SDS in the summer of '69.

Mayday is probably the only national organization which is attempting to deal basically and politically with problems of sexism without actually excluding straight men. Following the May actions, and the criticisms leveled against the

leadership by women and gay participants, there has been an attempt made to encourage gay and female leadership at the national level. But there is still a long, long way to go.

On Aug. 10-13, there will be a gay gathering and a women's conference occurring simultaneously. This will be an important time for gauging the successes and failures of Mayday in dealing with sexism — a time for experiencing, creating, sharing and planning.

On Aug. 13-17 will be the gathering of all tribes. Proposals on structure of the organization and on fall actions will be presented by the Gay and Women's Caucuses, by regional groups and by any other group that wants to propose. The discussions, workshops, films, partying, and general grooving will continue until Monday night, when the group will vote on the various proposals. Tuesday, Aug. 17, will be devoted to implementation of the proposals.

There is the potential for doing important work and reaching important understandings in Atlanta. But the potential may be sabotaged either by factionalism or (at the other extreme) by an unwillingness (especially on the part of straight men) to struggle honestly around important political questions.

In addition, it is obvious that the government is out to destroy Mayday, and they have tricks to use at all levels.

The white sector of the movement is going to pull together someday; let's hope it does so soon, like in Atlanta this week.

For further info on how to get to the Atlanta gatherings, see the Ins/Outs Section of Space-In.

-- Bryan Baker

Draft Lottery Held

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Although Congress has yet to approve of an extension of the draft, the Selective Service System went ahead with the third annual, suspense-ridden draft lottery last week.

This year's pool was drawn from those born in 1952. Dec. 4 is the number one unlucky date, followed by Jan. 25. Pacifica Radio will tell callers what lottery number their birthday received this year, as well as provide the telephone numbers of local draft counselors. Call them at 224-4000.

Although the two-year-draft extension bill has passed the House of Representatives, Senate consideration of it has been postponed until Sept. 13, after a congressional recess ends. Then there will most likely be a filibuster, led by Senators Mike Gavel (Alaska) and Alan Cranston (Calif.), to add an amendment that would require setting a date for total U.S. military withdrawal provided prisoners are returned, within nine months after passage. The amendment is sponsored by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (Montana).

DINOSAUR FABLES PART 3: THE BEGINNING



REVIEWS

Books: Anthology of Dissent

Against the Grain: An Anthology of Dissent, Past and Present

Against the Grain is one of many new books on "revolution". It is not a great contribution to one's book shelf, but it does indeed provide insights into the role of dissent in social change. It is ideal for those of you who are interested in radical thought but do not care to do extensive study into radical history, revolution and reaction.

It is a collection of 33 brief articles selected by the editors to represent schools of social criticism prevalent at various times throughout the last 2,000 years. The articles are usually concise, uncomplicated and of an ideal length for reading on the toilet. And they provide perspective.

As an example, it was a full 2,194 years ago that Gaius Gracchus of Rome "with the object of gratifying

the people and abridging the power of the Senate proposed (that) the public lands . . . be divided amongst the poor and (that) the power of the Senate be reduced." Already so many centuries ago the struggle to equalize power and wealth had begun, and, yet, such a demand is still common today. Is that progress? Must we wait several more millenium?

Probably not. Although the Dark Ages were not characterized by much dissent (or change either), the years since have been filled with sharp criticisms of and changes in the status of the wealthy and powerful, including the church (which was once a formidable tyrant).

The ideas represented in *Against the Grain* suggest that a "class" analysis of social problems began to develop when European serfs (then, the equivalent to the proletariat) first recognized the discrepancy between the teachings of the church and their own enslavement. For example, an excerpt from a "Peasant Revolt in Germany, 1524-25" states, "It is consistent with Scripture that we (serfs) should be free and wish to be so . . . We, therefore, take it for granted that you will release us from serfdom, as true Christians, unless it should be shown us from the Gospel that we are serfs."

And from 1797 France, "From time immemorial it has been repeated with hypocrisy, that men are equal; and yet the most degrading and the most monstrous inequality ceaselessly weights on the human race." The author of the latter quote was

attempting to overthrow the French government and establish another, based on complete political and economic equality.

The articles and ideas expressed in *Against the Grain* indicate that there was a growing concern for the conditions of the masses in late eighteenth, early nineteenth century Europe. Long before Marx, it became clear that the feudal state would have to fall, that a free political system guaranteeing the equality of all men and the basic freedoms would be demanded.

By the time of the 1848 revolutions and before the *Communist Manifesto* was published, Pierre Joseph Proudhon wrote, "the right of property was the origin of evil on the earth, the first link in the long chain of crimes and misfortunes which the human race has endured since birth."

And, in regard to labor, "If, with the economists, we consider the laborer as a living machine, we must regard the wages paid to him as the amount necessary to support this machine, and keep it in repair. What is the proprietor? He is a machine which does not work; or, which working for its own pleasure, and only when it sees fit, produces nothing."

Throughout the nineteenth century, the world saw a great change in the political expectations of the masses culminating in Marx's *Das Kapital*. The importance of Marx's works in that era was not that he discovered class oppression and productive/creative injustices, but that he synthesized

the ideas into a useful analysis. Clearly, many of his ideas were common subjects of the day, as the book evidences.

The nineteenth century produced Proudhon, Thoreau, Marx, Bakunin, Kropotkin, and many who saw economic and political inequality as the crux of humanity's dilemma. Dissent in our century, on the other hand, has demonstrated a concern with the subtler aspects of human oppression. Left-critics have attacked imperialistic exploitation of third world peoples, imperialistic wars and certain human value systems. That same sensitivity to oppression which developed during the last century has become part of broader analyses in our time.

The ideas of Marcuse, Cohn-Bendit, James Baldwin and others included in the book indicate equal concern for an end to economic oppression and human liberation. Baldwin suggests that white man's soul is "fatuos" and issues from a "deep freeze." He concludes, "What it comes to is that if we (America), who can scarcely be considered a white nation, persist in thinking of ourselves as one (race), we condemn ourselves, with the truly white nations, to sterility and decay."

Or as Danny "the Red" comments, "In the current revolt of youth, however, very much more is being questioned — the distaste is for the system itself. Modern youth is not so much envious of as disgusted with the *dead, empty lives* of their parents." (Emphasis mine.)

Or as Marcuse (the Western guru) says of the search for a new say, a new culture, within the Left, "There is a strong element of spontaneity, even anarchism, in this rebellion, expression of the new sensibility, sensitivity against domination: the feeling, the awareness, that the joy of freedom and the need to be free must precede liberation."

Thus the more recent writings seem to indicate a shift in emphasis from economic and political equality to ethnic, social and personal liberation, an end to the death culture of the Western world. In other words, we want equality and personal freedom.

It should also be mentioned that not all of the articles in *Against the Grain* are leftist. In fact, there is a generous sprinkling of the radical right, like Ayn Rand and Milt Friedman. Granted, strange bedfellows for radicals, but they just make for a more realistic presentation of dissent.

— Marie Blazek

Theater: Second Coming

The hype they sent us said, "The Second Coming is an Original Musical Satire which brings hilarious relief to all of the problems which currently plague American Society."

Well, we left the Windmill Dinner Theatre begging to differ. If anything, the production placed in stark relief just another problem: the sad state of Houston theater.

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EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT

If this is the most outrageous piece of satirical theater Houston has to offer, all we can say is, "Bobkoffs come home!" (Ned Bobkoff and family graced the Houston theater scene with some brilliant political satire at their cabaret The Hamlet several years back.)

The Second Coming is the first attempt in a new Monday night series produced by The American Renaissance Theatre. It's a procession of short skirts, held together by something of a running theme. There's live music, some dancing and singing.

The plot has to do with the president of the US of A, who is a dolt and tries to improve his standing with the populace. He goes lots of places, like Alabama, the Middle East and Vietnam (where he gets "lost in action" but secretly returns to the states to become leader of the opposition party as a great reformer). His nemesis throughout his adventures is Edgar (quite obviously J. Edgar) the fascist. In his travels The President meets caricatures of Vietnamese peasants, American Indians, Ku Klux Klansmen and Arab assassins.

The script, by Larry Leigon and Ric Kirkpatrick, is the weakest element. The dialogue is inane, the plot insipid; nothing seems to have much point except to milk an occasional chuckle.

Sample dialogue:

"Why are we landing in that garbage dump?"

"That's the (Indian) village. It's underdeveloped." cont. on page 28



Lee Burnett in scene from *The Second Coming*, running Monday nights at Windmill Dinner Theatre. (See review these pages.) Bill McElrath

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JAI GURU DEV!

Reviews

~ cont. from page 27

"So's my wife, but she doesn't look like that."

The Second Coming somehow manages to touch most of the "burning issues of our times" without saying a thing about any of them. There are some clever moments, but for the most part the gimmicks are corny and contrived.

Only one scene, in which a group of black southerners builds an ark while playing with the heads of the president and his aid Gridley, approaches the zaniness we had hoped for throughout. And that bit comes right at the end of the evening.

Terry Kester's direction is adequate, at times imaginative. He just doesn't have anything to work with. The musical score makes no sense whatsoever, the band is less than inspiring and the singing often jarring in its lack of harmony. The choreography by Glen Hunsucker and Melanie Young is one of the few high points, though it, too, seems at times out of place.

There were two performances worthy of note; both were by members of the chorus (who took on various roles as the play progressed). Lee Burnett, who is black, was superb throughout. Lonnie Hirsch gave humorous interpretations of such diverse characters as a Vietnamese peasant, an Indian named Moonbeam and Joshua in the ark scene.

Most of the remaining performances were lackluster. Ed Geldart, a competent and experienced actor, didn't do much with *The President*. And Ray McFerren, as Edgar, reminded us more of a cigar-chomping Hollywood casting director than the megalomaniacal FBI chief.

We're sorry to have to dump on *The Second Coming*. The state of Houston theater has been so dismal, we had hoped for something interesting here. But political satire, to be effective, must be hard-hitting, a little shocking. It's got to jolt the audience. This was mostly mush.

Just the same, what the American Renaissance Theatre folks are trying to do is admirable, and we'll be looking for something better next time.

-- Thorne Dreyer

Films: Who Is Harry Kellerman

Living an unfulfilled life, Georgie Soloway feels trapped by passing time and a deep anxiety about his worthlessness. Oh, he's worth lots of money, but Georgie, played by Dustin Hoffman, knows he's just no damn good.

In his forties, Georgie tells his psychiatrist, "I want a new life and a day without fear."

In his teens, Georgie thought he could live forever. Now he bitterly feels his age and wonders how much time he has left.

So "Who is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" shows the mental disintegration of a man who can't live down his past, hates the present, and fears the future.

To relieve his guilt, Georgie screws everyone, literally and figuratively. But because he can't love himself, he can't love others. And his mind betrays him. It evokes a Harry Kellerman who calls people and tells them what a no good bastard Georgie is.

Between the time he as 19 got a girl he loved pregnant and then abandoned her on the advice of his parents, Georgie makes it big as a super singer and composer. His lips are tight as he talks and sings; he's sort of like Bob Dylan and maybe the resemblance of the character and story is more than coincidental.

But Georgie compounds mistakes in dealing with girls he loves. In his late twenties he marries another pregnant girl, only to lose her to divorce because she believes 12 years later the marriage took place only because she was pregnant.

The film hints that Georgie's parents never really listened to him and robbed him of his responsibility to be an independent person by making his important decisions for him.

In this connection, the film very beautifully uses the metaphor of flying a plane as giving Georgie a sense of freedom and independence. Since his mother did not let Georgie spread his wings and fly out of the nest, he gets release from flying his airplane.

His inner guilt is so deep, Georgie recognizes that seven years of psychiatric treatment gives him only the temporary assurance that he can relate to people despite the fact that he is a mean bastard. Except for Harry Kellerman, who wants to destroy Georgie by exposing his true nature to his friends.



Waiting For Godot

Willie Dirden (left) as Pozzo, Larry James as Lucky, in Playwright's Showcase production of *Waiting for Godot*. The Samuel Beckett play, directed by Roger Glade, is being performed at Autry House, 6265 S. Main, Friday and Saturday nights through September. Curtain is 9 p.m.

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Even when Georgie relates to the needs of a girl (played brilliantly by Barbara Harris), it's too late. She recognizes the loving gift of a plane ride on her birthday but Harry Kellerman, Georgie's Mr. Hyde, tells her Georgie is just no damn good.

It is not clear whether the ending is positive or negative. Whether Georgie destroys his former self and life in suicide or if he turns again to his psychiatrist to build a healthier personality.

Dustin Hoffman's performance is great. The direction and photography take you into a neurotic's mind without stretching your credibility. In fact, the film is so artful that the viewer is never too sure whether he is seeing reality or fantasy. Perhaps the most valid statement made by the picture is that life is short, love makes time meaningful and fear of death reminds a person that he is not really living productively.

-- Mike Zee

On Any Sunday

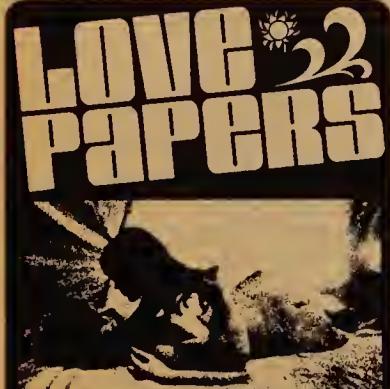
On Any Sunday is a lyrical film on motorcycling. There's beauty in seeing cycles turn and circle and the film uses slow motion photography to good effect. Bruce Brown makes motorcycling look like a lot of fun and even a sport of beauty.

But, it's sort of an "in" appreciation. The bikers in the audience laughed when beginners fell off cycles or when they crashed into a pole, or a rut in the road bounced drivers high in the air. To this viewer, the humor seemed a little far removed.

But the bikers have persistence. If that's the word for why they would drive 400 miles across deserts, ride up an almost vertical hill or take mud in the face on wet courses.

As for the professionals - broken legs and various other physical impairments did not stop them from racing. Getting on that throbbing 125 mile an hour cycle meant more than resting from aches in the body.

In the picture, Steve McQueen says, "When the troubles of the world get me down, I see the happy faces on bikes and it makes me feel good."



Meet Bruce Brown

Bruce Brown believes in making "personal films," those that are "true, accurate and honest."

For example Brown made *Endless Summer*, a tell-it-like-it-is picture on surfing. Now he's trying to do the same with motorcycles in *On Any Sunday*.

Brown says he's satisfied with the results because motorcyclists told him, "Man, you're picture is bullet-proof." Meaning they can't puncture holes in the film.

With a ruddy complexion, athletically lean of build, Brown sports surfer blond hair and he says people

dig motorcycles because it's a "physically demanding sport."

"You ride down the highway at 100 miles per hour, your head uncluttered - all you think of is Wahoo!"

Maybe that's the main reason why motorcycling is growing as a sport and form of transportation. It gives people a chance to ventilate their minds.

To get honesty and accuracy in "On Any Sunday," Brown mounted "war cameras" on motorcyclists' helmets. Now war surplus' these war cameras were used in airplanes during World War II. They're small, "about the size of two cigarette packs" and weigh 12 pounds.

Mounted on the front and rear of a helmet, the camera shows what happens on a motorcycle flying low at 130 miles per hour. "Eyes sink into the sockets, tires slide, grip, and there's a sequence where a cyclist falls down the track bouncing like a tennis ball in slow motion."

Brown hopes people will come out of the theatre with more respect for motorcyclists' skill. He says the sport is the second most physically demanding, according to medical tests.

Brown laughs at critics who pontificate that motorcycling is a sexual thing. "Professional racers invite these critics to get on a cycle at the starting line before a race and see if the feeling is the same as sexual."

Judge for yourself. The picture is showing at the Alabama.

-- Mike Zee (who rides bicycles)

Friends

"Funny how young lovers start as friends," the words of Bernie Taupin, the music of Elton John, the soundtrack of *Friends*.

Michele at 14 is orphaned, sent to live with her Aunt in Paris who "doesn't care about me." Rich, rebellious Paul, a year older, in trouble at school in England, finds that his father's upcoming marriage cramps his style.

They meet in a Paris zoo (ah April in Paris), Paul borrows his father's car, cont. on page 30



"Jail is no place for kids."

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Reviews

cont. from page 29

they go for a drive in the French countryside and wreck the car. Afraid to return, they stay out all night, sleeping in a haystack. "We'll call in the morning," promises Paul.

The next day Michele decides she is not wanted and will not go home, but will go to her deceased father's cottage in the south. Paul goes along and ends up staying.

The friendship grows into LOVE, Michele has a baby and Paul delivers.

Detectives hired by Paul's father find where he works and are waiting for him. Paul leaves for work waving to Michele and child in the doorway. The shot freezes and the curtain closes.

Friends, directed and produced by Lewis Gilbert.

Yes, it is funny how young lovers start out as friends, Elton, you make it believable; Gilbert, you just don't make it click.

Friends, the movie, as a fairy tale was nice. As a film trying to drive home a point, it was absurd. I figured from the soundtrack album and from the title that I would see two people meet, become fast friends and then watch it grow into a deep love. I'm so naive.

The reasons that the film didn't work are many. The most obvious being that the dialogue never developed the affair. As the film unrolled, the characters didn't. The only emotion I caught at all from the dialogue was that they were both pretty stubborn.

After a year had passed, the "lovers" seemed to be the same two kids who had met in the Paris zoo. They never convinced me they really could have lived a year together (through obvious hassles) and delivered their own baby (even though they did read *A Baby is Born*, a book picked up in the village. Really!).

Reason Two. The photography was, to put it mildly, hokey. Every clever bit of trite camera work you have ever seen, Gilbert used. Seagulls flying in front of a full moon; big, bright orange sunsets hanging over the landscapes; shots of horses running switching to Michele running and back to the horses. Oh brother!

All in all the film was rather long, stupid and, to rip off a journalistic cliche, missed the mark.

- - Bobby Eakin

unclassifieds

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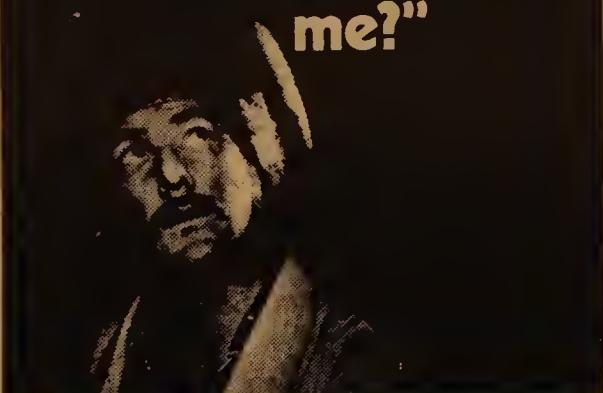
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Dustin Hoffman
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Harry Kellerman
and why
is he saying
those terrible
things about
me?"



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NEED PLACE to stay in NW area with people with mutual interest. Can help with rent and groceries. Call 694-4276 and ask for Mike.

SWISS STUDENT needs ride to NY around Sept. 10. Will share expenses. Call 621-6481, ask for Ines.

FEMALE ROOMMATE NEEDED, to share rent in a two bdrm apt on W. Alabama. Need help in down payment of apt. by this weekend. Contact Frances, Arlene, or Marilou at 3225 Timmons Lane Apt. No. 76 after 6 pm.

50 WATT BOGEN AMP with two 12" Jensen speakers. 668-2476.

COUPLE NEEDS RIDE TO L.A. or Frisco as soon as possible. Will share expenses. Need someone with van. 3305 Yupon, No. 31. Ask for Michael or Sarita.

NEED RIDE to L.A. Two people, will share gas & driving. Leave now, 621-1054.

ASTROLOGY -- Have astrology books for beginning astrologer. Will sell at a reasonable price. 523-1027 after 11 p.m.

JOHN CARPENTER needs ride to Colorado before Aug 12. 521-6059

FOR SALE: '56 Cad almost runs, one wrinkled fender; as is, where is, trade for any running motorcycle or make offer; can be seen at 714 Hyde Park No 3 anytime. Talk to JAK, leave message.

OESP. NEEDEO!!!! Transp. to & from work. Prefer to get fronted or rented wheels; will buy if cheap & deferred payment plan acceptable. JAK, 714 Hyde Park No 3.

NEED A RIDE to Dayton, Ohio around Aug. 16. Will share gas expenses. Call Lois, S23-6511.

CAR FOR SALE: '68 VW Bug, Freaky paint job. 468-1215, Betsy.

GOING TO WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY about Aug 10, anyone need a ride call Russell 626-4217.

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WANTEO: A course in hypnosis at the University of Thought -- those interested in having a course started, please drop a card with name and address to George Pearson, Rt. 2, Box 681, Conroe, Tx.

THE AQUARIAN MEDITATION SOCIETY of Houston claims to be able to show you how to develop your mind, control emotions, overcome problems attain a more positive attitude, and much MORE (!). All are welcome at their weekly meeting, Sundays, 11 am, at 1510 Beachcomber in Clear Lake City. Phone 877-3213 for more details.

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'67 NORTON Matchless cycle. \$700 or trade for van or stepvan. 692-9527.

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DRUMS FOR SALE -- Ludwig, brand new, must sell. \$300 cash. Call 524-4269.

I NEED A FEMALE ROOMMATE to share costs. Near UH. Come by 4161 Drew.

ATTENTION Anyone who is incarcerated in any State or Federal institution that has its own Resident Government, could you please send me a copy of your constitution and any other information that deals with the by-laws within your institution. Any & all letters with this information will be answered. Richard Baum, No. 625919; Box 777; Monroe, Washington, 98272.

LARRY MAGNIAMELI: I am trying to locate you. Please call me. Your cousin Sylvia 774-4304. If you need help on your rock concert please call me.

FOR SALE: Good old car, 1953 Buick Eight. Runs well, holds six, owner going to the mountains, \$150 or best offer, call 522-2912, after 6 pm or weekends.

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Don't Touch Those Bags

cont. from page 7

"formidable challenge" of drug smuggling. In these dark days of famine, it is difficult to maintain one's sense of humor about such matters.

Ambrose did, however, unwittingly offer some hope for the future after his talk was over. In response to a question from the audience, he admitted his fear that some young people, "the older children who have already become addicted, are almost lost to us." Gazing at the assembled Rotarians, I could only think, "God, I hope so!"

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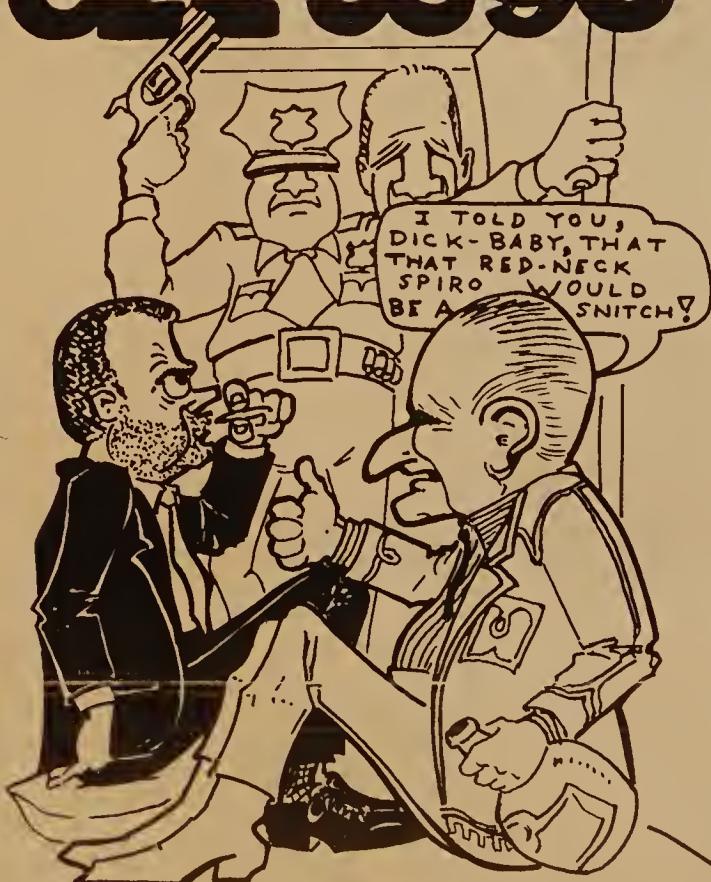


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ART

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS (1001 Bissonnet) Thru Aug 22 -- PRINTS & DRAWINGS by Lynwood Keneck & Terry Morrow -- School Galleries.

Thru Aug 29 -- BIRDS AND BLOSSOMS, Masterson Jr. Gallery; Giacometti Graphics, S. Garden Gallery

Thru Sept 1 -- Christo, pop artist, Jones Galleries.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE -- Photos of 19th century buildings in Galveston, taken by photos Henri Cartier-Bresson & Ezra Stoller, Masterson Jr. Gallery

INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS Thru Aug -- FOR CHILDREN at Rice campus gallery off Univ and Stockton.

ART LEAGUE (1953 Montrose) -- Invitational exhibit by new members.

MATRIX GALLERY (2400 Taft) -- Paintings & sculpture of Mike Stevens

GOOD EARTH GALLERY (Flea Mkt) -- Paintings by Don Nelson, Barbara Fleming, Chris Burkholder.

THE BLACK GALLERY (2413 Dowling) -- Paintings, sculpture, crafts by black artist. At Operation Breadbasket hdqtrs.

FLEA MARKET ART FEST (Milam & Franklin) -- Sun, noon to 6 pm. Local artists.

RADIO

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Mon thru Fri -- WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARISE, you have nothing to lose but your minds. Gavan Duffy says, "Hi, how you?" each morn from 6-9 am. Mon thru Fri -- GREAT AMERICAN MID-WESTERN TOUR. Left-handed Louie leads the way. 1:30 -- 4:30 pm. Mon thru Fri -- LIFE ON EARTH. In-depth Daily news reportage, has returned to old time: 6 -- 7:15 pm. Mon thru Fri -- LIFERAFT. Our town's nighttime electronic oasis with Jeff Sher and friends, 10 pm -- 8 am. Wed -- CITY COUNCIL. Live from city hall, 10 am.

Fri -- MAGGIE'S FARM. SUBTERRANEAN INFORMATION & Eclectic inspiration with Nancy Simpson. 7:15 pm.

KAUM-FM 96.5

Sun -- CHICANOS AND CHICANS with Elma Berrera. 8 pm. Sun -- BLACK INSIGHT with Thomas Wright, 8:30 pm. Daily -- Good community-minded news and views thru-out the day.

KLQL-FM 101

Daily -- consistently good sounds; light on news. Sun -- Bill Narum does his thing from noon til 6 pm.

MOVIES

DOC -- Stacy Keach & Faye Dunaway in the story of Doc Holliday, at Leow's State, Leow's Sharpstown, and Memorial

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE -- Want to know what cockroaches got that you ain't got? At the Cinemas in Galleria, Meyerland, Gulftex, and Northline.

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SPACE-IN

COUNTRY PLAYHOUSE (Town & Cntry Village)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE -- Thurs, Fri, Sat, 8:30 pm; Sun, 7:30 pm, thru Aug 29. 467-4497.

MUSIC

FREEBIE -- Arnette Cobb with 6-piece combo. Scenic Woods Park, Gleason & Cheeves, Wed, 7:30 pm.

LA BASTILLE (Market Square) -- Sarah Vaughn in rare club appearance. 8 days beginning Aug. 13. Two shows niteley: 9 pm, 11:45 pm. CA 7-2036.

COLISEUM -- JAMES BROWN with his all-star Revue. Coming Sun, Aug 22, 8:45 pm.

HOFEINZ PAVILLION -- JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR -- National touring co. show coming Sept 11 & 12.

TV

Tue, Aug 10 -- 8:00 pm -- AFTER THE FOX, Peter Sellers is funny in this one. Ch 2 9:00 pm -- CBS NEWS SPECIAL Ch 11

Wed, Aug 11 -- 7:30 pm -- BOBOQUIVARI, second in this new music series features performance of classical and jazz music by the Roger Kellaway Cello Quartet. Ch 8

Tues, Aug 17 -- 3:30 pm -- LOVE SLAVES OF THE AMERICAN ZONS Ch 11 6:30 pm -- IF YOU TURN ON, CBS News tells you what to do. Take it with a grain of salt. Ch 11 9:00 pm -- THIRTY MINUTES, local news special. Ch 11 9:30 pm -- CBS NEWS SPECIAL Ch 11

8:00 pm -- FIRING LINE, Bill Buckley attempts to insult and bait author Mary McCarthy. Ch 8

Thurs, Aug 12 -- 7:30 pm -- U.S.A., play based on John Dos Passos' epic novel of life in America. Ch 8 Sat, Aug 14 -- 2:30 pm -- THE LAND UNKNOWN, on Sci-Fi Theater. Ch 11 5:30 pm -- GOOD OLD NASHVILLE MUSIC Ch 13 7:30 pm -- THE LOST MAN, Sidney Poitier movie. Ch 2 12:45 am -- UNTAMED WOMEN Ch 13

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INS &

OUTS

PEACE CALENDAR

Aug 12 -- Discussion of Pragmatic Non-Violence Today, at the First Unitarian Church (on Fannin at Southmore) at 8 pm.

Aug 16 -- Whenever you can, from 10 am to 4 pm, drop by the Peace Center and help make things for the fall Peace Fair.

Aug 17-22 -- Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vieinam meet in Ann Arbor. For information, call the Peace Center, 227-4700.

Aug 20-22 -- Summer Draft Information Conference in Austin. No counseling exp. necessary. Call Judy at inlet, 526-7925.

GUN SHOW

Aug 14-15 -- A gun show with 1,000 exhibits of firearms (antique and modern), ammo, edged weapons, etc. Buy, sell, swap, or just look. At the Houston Convention & Exhibit Center

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